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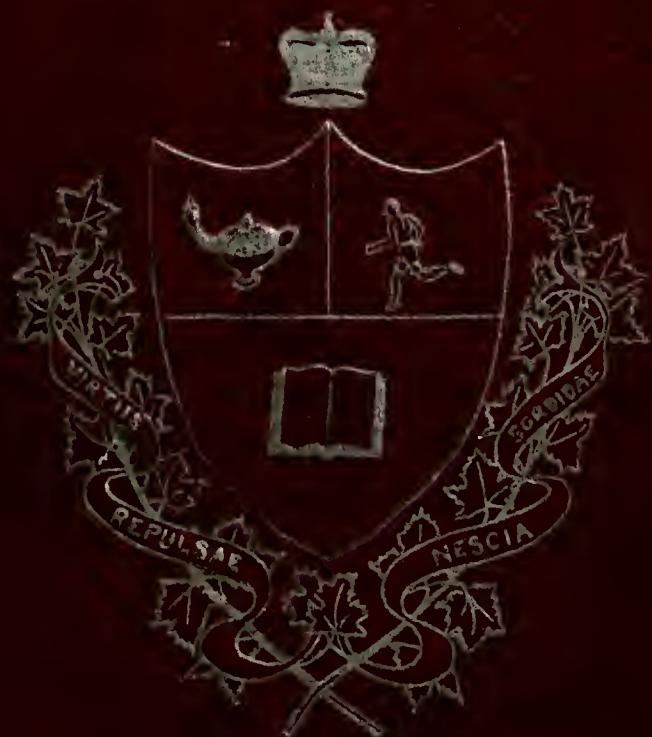
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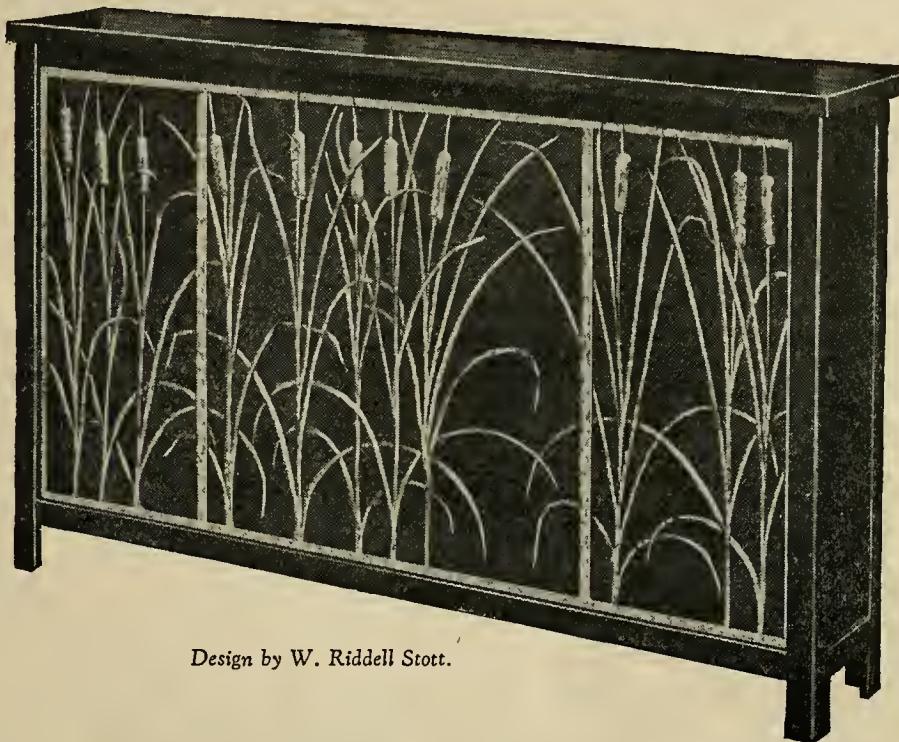
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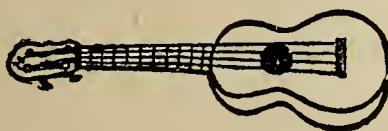
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L. S. C. I. ORACLE, 1931

VOL. IX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, DECEMBER, 1931

No. I.

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OUTLOOK

For us students in a comfortable, well-equipped school, absorbed in its ceaseless round of activities, amid the hum of the halls and the cheers of enthusiastic crowds at the sports, it seems impossible to imagine such distress as we are continually hearing discussed around us. We are inclined to think of the world as a small place occupied mainly by a building known as the L.S.C.I., through which we struggle slowly up the ascent to knowledge, receiving after half a hundred years or more of hard labour, a diploma declaring us fit for university, life, or what-have-you. In this friendly atmosphere, exchanging ideas, gaining new skills, any thought of hardship in the world around us is excluded. However, the conversation of our elders, constant articles in the press, and innumerable little details in our school life remind us that there is a more serious side of life, with decreased wages and worse. Poverty and suffering are to be found in all parts of the world, and our country is no exception.

In Western Canada, more than in our own part of the country, there is widespread distress. Two years ago, the farmers there had no crops; last year, when they had, they could find no market for them. However, the Government—that is, indirectly, the people of Canada—has taken distinct steps to alleviate their suffering. Strictly avoiding the dole, the Government has adopted a system of relief, not support, for the stricken farmers.

This new national consciousness of responsibility for our less fortunate neighbours is a very good reason for confidence in our future. Many times in the past there have been periods of difficulty in the West, but always we have said to ourselves, "Well, that's unfortunate, and we're very sorry; but if they can't manage their business well enough to earn a living from it, that's their misfortune." Perhaps we were not as bluntly cruel as that, but we used words to that effect. It is no longer thus. We feel now that their distress is our distress; fellow Canadians, they are to be helped to the limit of our ability in times of need. We are all one—one in faith, one in hope and one in charity.

Canada, from ocean to ocean, has grown through suffering into a great brotherhood. Thirteen years ago ended what was perhaps the greatest physical trial in the history of our country and of the world; we are now facing a trial less picturesque and dramatic, but no less severe. W. E. Fenley in one of his poems, "Invictus," has a nobly ringing passage which runs, "Under the bludgeonings of Chance, my head is bloody but unbowed." Let us maintain that tradition which has for years been proclaimed. Then, just as dawn comes with hope to the storm tossed mariner, so there is for us, if we search, a dawn of hope and confidence in the future.

—NORMAN FARROW, IV C.

LONDON IS BEST OF ALL



Kathleen Milligan, V.B.
Assistant Editor

The more we travel, the more we appreciate our own homes when we return. No matter how great the cities, how imposing the buildings or how beautiful the streets we see, we are always thrilled at the thought of returning to our own old familiar scenes once more. London may not be as big as a great many cities, but that is what most Londoners like about it. When we visit Montreal we enjoy seeing all the old historical places and we also admire the view from the mountain. But when it comes to manoeuvering through the traffic and finding streets which are not labelled "One Way Only," we do not enjoy ourselves so much. It is always a relief to get back to good old London where we are not continually lost in traffic. Or take another of Canada's most

interesting cities, Ottawa. The Parliament Buildings are the pride of all Canadians and are admired by people from all countries. Ottawa also has many lovely parks and avenues. Yet London is always a welcome sight to home-coming travellers. Where could a more impressive entrance to a city be found than the Richmond Street approach to London? There, we pass some of our most beautiful homes and a stranger entering from that direction would immediately be favourably impressed. Then again, when we see other schools, we wonder how they would compare with South. We usually end by thinking that, although they may be good, they certainly could not be better than South. It would be a hard task we boast, to find a school with a better spirit than the L.S.C.I. We also have wonderful grounds and plenty of space for all outdoor sports. Not many schools are fortunate enough to have that! London also has one of the most beautifully situated universities in Canada and all Londoners are very proud of it. London always compares favourably with other cities and of course, there was never a school like L. S. C. I.

—KATHLEEN MILLIGAN, V.B.

YOUTH IN THE MAKING

In ancient times, the potter, with skilled fingers, fashioned the rough clay into articles of wondrous beauty and design. Canadian youth today might be compared to the raw material which is being moulded by the Master Craftsman into the men and women of to-morrow. There is, however, this important difference. While the clay was merely a passive, unresisting substance which was shaped at the will of the potter, the youth of today is not confined to such narrow limits. Instead, it can choose those forces and influences which it considers most to its advantage.

This is particularly true of students in our secondary schools. In the first place they can select the course which they believe is best suited to their ability and purpose. Compare educational conditions of today with those of a generation ago. Then, higher education was considered essential only for boys. Today, there are as many girl students as there are boys. Formerly, children were not given such a free rein in choosing their life work as they are now. Parents usually made the decisions for them. Today there is a wide variety of courses, both technical and commercial, contrasting with the comparatively narrow field of a generation ago. Physical as well as mental education plays an important part in the development of the students to-day. The different school activities and organizations give the student an opportunity of developing any particular ability he may have. Thus the school provides many influences which help to mould the lives of Canadian youth.

But there are many outside factors which play a part in this development. No other generation of young people has had such a wonderful opportunity to obtain first hand knowledge of the world and its people. Through the wonderful

medium of radio we hear distinguished men of different creeds and nationalities. By means of motion pictures we can see and hear people on the other side of the globe. Surely with such an opportunity to understand and appreciate our fellow men, there is no excuse for narrow-mindedness or racial prejudice. In this way, the radio and motion pictures are two important factors in our enlightenment. Of course, all that is heard over the radio, and all that is shown on the screen, is not an asset in character moulding. In the same way, all the people with whom we come into contact in our daily activities, do not exert a desirable influence on us. Therefore, the youth of today must choose those influences which will be most beneficial to him. If he choose well, the product of his work will be even more wonderful than that of the ancient potter.

—HUGH THOMPSON.

GREETINGS

Once more the ORACLE has spoken! Once more out of the chaos of paste clippings and type has arisen the finished product—a magazine of which we may all be proud. We, the editor and staff of last year's humble publication, send greetings and congratulations to the editor and staff of the new ORACLE, and wish them all the luck in the world. We know what the production of such a publication entails and we are more and more impressed with the high calibre of this year's staff when we peruse its contents.

I think a word of thanks to all those connected with last year's ORACLE would not be out of place here. We certainly received no end of encouragement and assistance from every section of the school, and I feel sure that the editor and staff of this magazine must have been glad to know that whatever they did, they had the whole South Collegiate behind them.

There were a few noteworthy things about last year's magazine which we love to recall. One was the contribution box. It was certainly a perpetual source of amazement, and its opening each night became an event. For, when the lid came off, our eyes rested on a most indescribable array of objects. Chewing gum, peanut shells, rubber bands, erasers, pencil stubs, and coppers—I must say the ORACLE staff were amply reimbursed financially for their pains. If we had saved some of last year's kind donations, we might have weathered the depression better.

However, the past is past, and on the threshold of the future we see a long line of ORACLES, moulded by capable hands, governed by worthy pilots, each one surpassing the other, and striving for that perfection which, though it may never be achieved, is the goal to which we set our course.

Best of luck, and long live the ORACLE!

W. A. N.

Editor-in-Chief, 1930.

THIS ISSUE

By NORMAN FARROW

The approach of Christmas brings this year, as usual, the bane of our lives, examinations. We hope, however, that the advent of this year's ORACLE will lessen the agony somewhat. We have several new features which we hope you will like. First, of course, some mention must be made of the cover. There was so much favorable comment on last year's design that it has been retained, but the embossing, we think, adds in richness and beauty.

This year, we have for the first time attempted a Latin Page; try translating it—it is really not nearly as "dead" as some think. Our Exchange Department is this year a distinct departure from anything we have done before. The individual photographs of the teaching staff, the fifth form, and the rugby squads, taken by Mr. Ireland, add, in our opinion, a personal touch often lacking.

But above all, we are proud of our song, the first to be presented by the Oracle. We, the editorial staff, have tried to keep the whole magazine up to the standard set by previous staffs; it is for you to judge the degree of our success or failure.

SHORT STORY CLUB

In the past it has been felt that The Oracle has been perhaps, a trifle weak in Short Story material. To overcome this we interested a group of students in forming a Short Story Club, whose object was to provide more and better short story material.

The first meeting was on September 24, and for seven weeks the budding scribes met every Thursday. The meetings were informal, but we were all glad to have Miss McCamus as our adviser. The first two sessions were used to discuss plots and to criticise those which we had written ourselves.

On October 8, we were fortunate in having Miss May Clendenan as guest speaker. Her thorough knowledge of writing and welcome criticisms were invaluable. In the next few meetings, the value of Miss Clendenan's talk was evident in the improved material submitted for discussion.

On November 6, we were favored by a visit from Miss Beatrice Taylor. This was the best attended meeting for an invitation had been extended to any students who intended writing in The Oracle contest on November 7.

Betty Porter, Margaret McCall, Bob Ford and Norman Farrow were the most consistent in attendance, being present at every meeting for seven weeks.

On behalf of The Oracle Staff I wish to thank Miss Clendenan and Miss Taylor for their kind assistance and for acting as judges, along with Mrs. Carr-Harris, of the *Oracle* Short Story contest, and Trustee Mrs. John A. Rose, the donor of the cash prize.

—HUGH THOMPSON, V.A.

HIGH SCHOOL EDITORS' CONVENTION

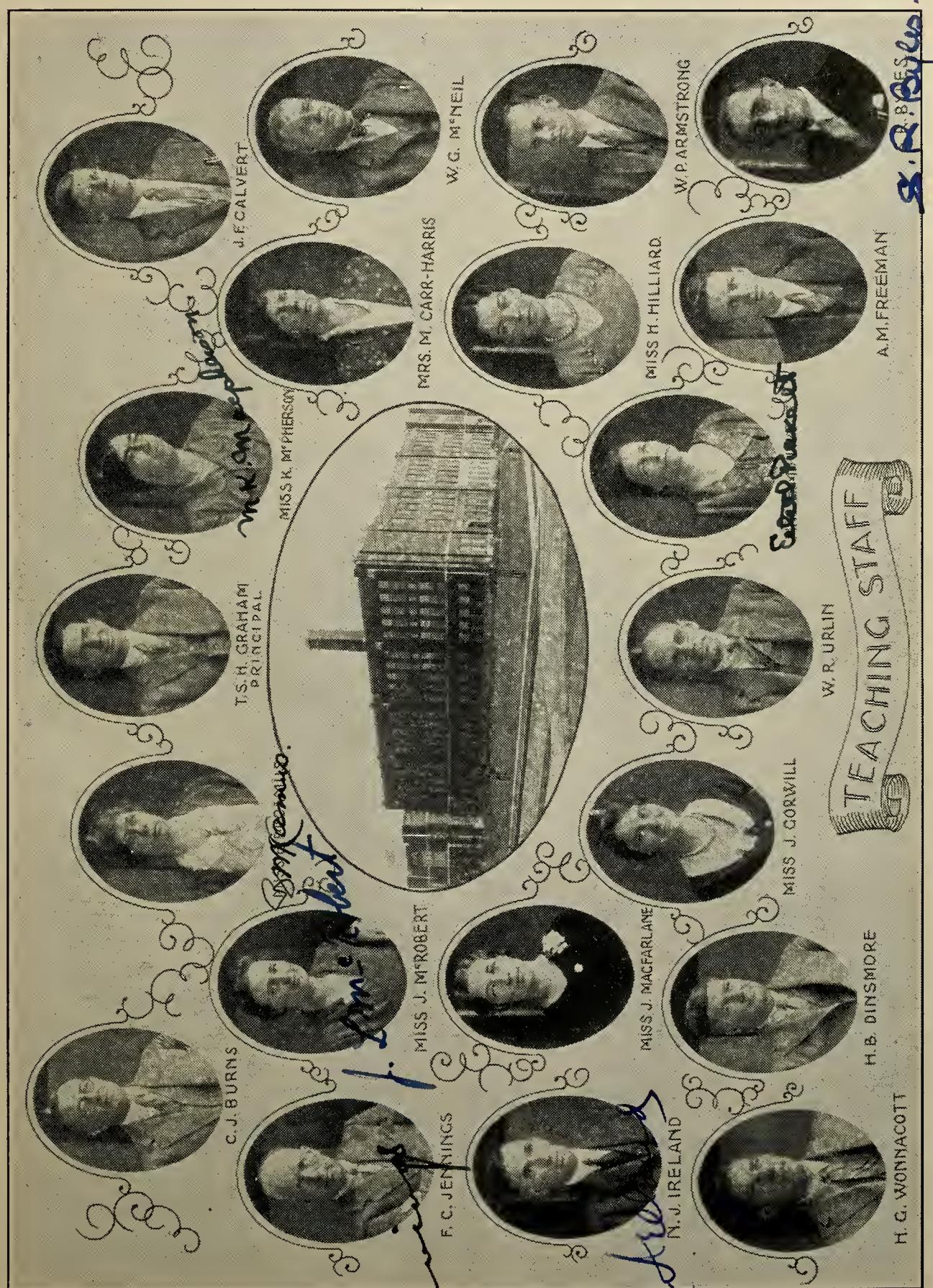
On November 13 and 14 the sixth annual High School Editors' Convention, sponsored by the Sigma Phi Women's Journalistic Fraternity of the University of Toronto, was held in Convocation Hall. After Sir Robert Falconer opened the convention, we heard interesting and instructive talks by prominent Canadian journalists, including Mr. Ted Reeve, of the Toronto Telegram, Miss Byrne Hope Sanders, editor of *Chatelaine* on Short-Story Writing, and Mr. Elton Johnson, on "Modern Advertising." On Friday morning we broke up into informal discussion groups; this was, in my opinion, the most beneficial part of the convention, for there we heard the difficulties of all the editors, and solutions offered by other members of the group. In the afternoon we toured the Toronto Star building.

On Saturday morning there were more interesting talks, including one by A. E. F. Allan, last year's editor of *The Varsity*, and a talk on magazine editing by Mr. J. F. White, editor of the *Canadian Forum*. Members of the groups then reported on the discussions of the various groups. This was followed by a talk on "Dramatic Reviewing," by Miss Pearl McCarthy, Professor Sissons then delivered the closing address. Saturday afternoon we attended a performance of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Royal Alexandra theatre.

We congratulate London Central Collegiate, our "friendly enemy," on winning the shield for the best cover design, which was presented at the banquet held Friday evening in the Arts and Letters Club. The members of the Sigma Phi Fraternity merit much praise for the smooth and business-like manner in which the convention was carried on.

—N. D. F.





« « OLD STRATFORD » »

By H. B. NORTON

Perhaps Joseph Conrad had in mind such people as I when he wrote: "They would be labelled as having passed through this and that place and so would be their luggage." My suitcase had just received another gaudy label in yellow and black. It bore the well-known likeness, bald and bearded, and also the legend, "Paddington to Stratford-on-Avon, Great Western Railway, Shakespeare Express."

"They say" that motor-buses are taking away the business from railways in England no less than in Canada. One would never suspect it from the appearance of an English station on a Saturday morning; say Victoria or Paddington. London is being depopulated for the week-end. Queues are formed at all the "booking-offices." Porters are plowing through the throng, loaded with valises, shawl-straps and what-have-you. One does not check baggage in England; one bribes a porter to stow it, either in the compartment with the passengers, or in the "guard's van," some distance up the train. Shunting engines are placing trains on adjacent tracks, and occasionally emitting the most ear-splitting shrieks yet devised by the ingenuity of man. But, Heaven be praised, it is 9:10, and we are moving. In England the 9:10 train leaves at 9:10.

In two hours we are at Stratford, interviewing more porters, handing out more half-crowns. It is raining here, too—and yet—and how!

Our bus goes along Henley Street past "the birthplace." It is now a broad, tidy street—in decided contrast with those days when the elder Shakespeare was fined for accumulating a garbage heap at his front door. The house is surrounded by a lawn and flower-garden. At the foot of the street is the river Avon, from whose Saxon "Street ford" the town is named. It is spanned by the sturdy Clopton stone bridge, built of many arches, and barely wide enough for vehicles to meet. "No Overtaking" says a warning sign.

Of course, Shakespeare is Stratford's greatest industry. Much patient and persistent effort has been employed in authenticating relics and associations of the poet. For example, we are adjured to visit the Weir Brake. It is a pleasant walk through the meadows and along the river bank past the mill, under the railway embankment and up the hill. Expecting to find the original "bank where the wild thyme blows," we find instead a luxuriant flora of broken pop-bottles and other debris.

Another objective of all pilgrims is the New Place Museum. Everyone knows that Shakespeare purchased a somewhat pretentious property here when he retired to his native town in 1611, where he might rest from labor before his "little life is rounded with a sleep." But nothing remains of New Place except a few grass-covered foundation stones, and the flower garden containing many varieties mentioned in the plays. The adjacent building, Nash's house, contains a museum of archaeological and other relics, some of which relate to the poet. The municipal gardens adjoining at the rear are well worth a visit.

More relics are exhibited at the birthplace in Henley Street, among them some rare books and manuscripts.

The old rooms are an excellent reconstruction, with their low ceilings, broad-planked flooring, diamond-paned casements and cosy ingle-nooks. Tradition says the poet was born in one of the upper rooms. Yet the only sixteenth-century portion of the place is the cellar, according to a candid old janitress.

Nevertheless, time has spared much. Few English towns can boast so many well-preserved, half-timbered houses as Stratford. First among them I should place the grammar school and adjoining row of alms houses. The boys had just left for lunch when I arrived, for in England July is not a vacation month. The archway leads from the street to an inner quadrangle

surrounded by various modern school buildings. But it was the ancient building that I came to admire. Originally a Guild Hall, later the Town Hall, the building has been continuously used as a school-room since 1482—ten years before Columbus discovered this continent. Here came Shakespeare. "*creeping like snail unwillingly to school.*" Here he learned his "little Latin and less Greek." Open bookshelves fill the entire end behind the master's desk, which is elevated on a dais. A brass plate marks the conjectural location of the poet's own desk which has gone off to join the great majority of "relics." They are very plain desks, consisting merely of a board laid across two iron uprights. I am told that an Ontario collegiate has adopted the design. Several boys sit together at each. But the glory of the place, apart from the half-timbered exterior, is the magnificent tie-beam roof of this schoolroom. The hammer-beam roof in Westminster Hall, London, is larger, loftier, more ornate, but not so characteristically medieval as this sturdy structure. Rafters, supports, beams are black with age but solid as ever.

On one of the two sunny afternoons, I was lured to the river. From the many boathouses I selected the one next the memorial library.

"Have you a canvas-covered canoe?" I asked the boatman.

"Just these, sir," he said, indicating some Peterborough cedars fitted with two parallel keel-boards.

"That will be O.K." I returned incautiously.

"Another 'flush' American," thought the boatman.

"How much?" I continued.

"Two shillings an hour," he replied promptly.

"See you again," I sighed, making for the boat-house at the Clopton Bridge where I knew the rate was one shilling.

Massive Clopton Bridge with its many piers remains as it was when Shakespeare brought his eight-year-old son there to fish on a fine day in April. A fresh breeze was driving through the arches and making navigation of a canoe with keel-boards a bit troublesome. But there was the blessed sun. No wonder the Britons worshipped

him. Waterside Park on the right bank had attracted many a burgess to enjoy the fine afternoon from a bench beside the flower-beds; others, however, were punting on the river. Some even preferred a motor launch.

I paddled by the New Memorial theatre, to be dedicated next April.

On the opposite bank are the bowling and cricket greens with quiet meadows beyond, traversed by a footpath.

"The river glideth at his own sweet will."

A few hundred yards along this quiet reach is Holy Trinity Church, whose tower and spire rise from the massed lime trees. A man and a maid from far-away India are seated on the churchyard wall revelling in this exquisite Warwickshire setting. I stroll through the churchyard and enter, by a long aisle of arched lime trees, this ancient sanctuary whose tower and transepts actually antedate those of Westminster Abbey. Just within the vestibule is the old sanctuary knocker, one of the few remaining in England to remind us of the days when "sanctuary" meant security from pursuing enemies for thirty-seven days.

A church which exhibits early English decorated Gothic and perpendicular architecture would, of itself, be interesting. In addition, its chancel is oddly deflected to the left of the line of the nave. It possesses one of the few chained Bibles, dated 1611. And it preserves the huge registers, like family Bibles, recording thep oet's baptism, April 26, 1564, and his burial, April 25, 1616. By the porch stands the font in which he was baptized, and yonder in the east, before the high altar, is the tablet which covers his mortal remains.

The most stately epitaph in all this land of monuments and shrines is that of Sir Christopher Wren over the north transept entrance of St. Paul's:

"Si monumentum requiris circumspice."

The most moving epitaph is in the north cloister of Westminster Abbey:

"Jane Lister, dear childe, 1688.

But there is something essentially fitting in these lives prepared by the great man to perpetuate the bond

(Continued on Page 28)



Department Editor, K. MILLIGAN

Short Stories, BOB FORD

Editor's Comment

The winners in the Short Story Contest:—1, Annie Dodds, V B; 2, Norman Farrow, IV C; 3, Frank White, IV B.

We wish to extend our congratulations to Annie Dodds, who has won the cash prize so kindly donated by Trustee Mrs. John Rose. All who submitted stories did exceptionally good work and it is hoped that some of our future authors are to be found in this group.

We deeply appreciate the fine judging of Miss Clendenan, Miss Taylor and Mrs. Carr-Harris. Finally, we wish to thank everybody who helped in the work and to hope for even better stories next year.

—BOB FORD, IV C.

THE NEW DESTINY A Sequel to *The Secret Sharer* FIRST PRIZE STORY

By ANNIE VALHALLA DODDS

JIM cautiously swung the tiny, rude sail with the guy-rope and waited. No wind! Not a breath in all the sleepy bay of indigo waters! Behind him the low shore, an abrupt, rising cape of Koh-ring, shut off the jungle-green of river delta, where he had launched the craft. How long had he been making her? Months, perhaps years, he could have said. Time was best measured by his beard which had grown long and heavy since his landing on that broken beach.

As he stretched himself carefully under the narrow palm-thatch and

waited, Jim remembered the sharp ecstasy he had first felt in the warmth of sand beneath his feet after his weeks of enforced hiding aboard the *Santo Lucia*. How strange firm land had seemed that night; he had slipped from the sail-locker port and swum clear, leaving the floppy panama hat to mark the place of parting.

How had he controlled himself till the ship was gone before raising his voice against the dark rocks, shouting after those long brooding weeks of silence and whispered confidence in the young captain's quarters? Jim dared to remember even farther back in that secret experience aboard the Santa Lucia. He remembered his Captain of the *Sephora* who had come aboard looking for him, the escaped homicide. Well, that young captain had certainly put old Archibald "off tack." Now, England was behind him forever. Nobody would ever recognize him with his browned body, his beard and long hair matted about his shoulders. No one could ever convince a jury of tradesmen that this wild-looking native had ever been the smart first-mate of the *Sephora* on that terrible voyage.

Still no breeze to stir the sail of rush-mat! Irritably Jim thrust his head out of the shelter. Beneath in the tinged crystal-bright, fish winnowed ceaselessly, great red and gold beauties, others purple blotched with quicksilver sides, some with grotesque round bodies and horrid mouths. There were shoals of yellow ones. Oh! was there no escape from memory? Jim pulled his head out of the sunlight.

A yellow fish! Would he ever see a yellow fish and be able to forget Tama; Tama with her shining head turned from him, bowed over the tiny fire, her smooth golden arms extended, holding something on a forked stick—a yellow fish! When he came out of the canebrake behind her, she had stood up and faced him, her brown eyes unwavering. She had not been afraid nor even startled at the sight of the white man in the torn grey sleeping suit. As she had never seen a white man before, her shy acceptance of him had never been clear to him until to-day when he was leaving forever his life on that cursed island. Useless to try to forget! He could see her still between shut eyes, just as she had stood then, her red and white striped skirt soaked with the sea water, her green bodice splashed from the flapping of the fish in her net.

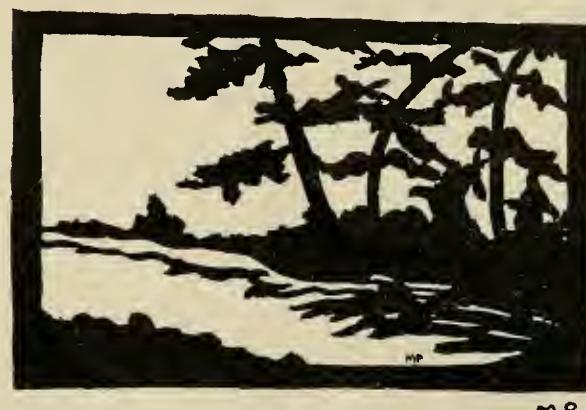
That half-cooked catch she shared with him had been the best food he had eaten for weeks. The canned delicacies of the Santa Lucia cabin had never tasted as good, and during those first three days wandering on Koh-ring, he had only dared to eat small shore shrimps and an unwary oyster which he had wedged open with one of the captain's sovereigns. The tropical fruit, tempting and abundant, was strange, perhaps poisonous.

As he had crouched by the fire gulping the bony fish, Tama had studied him quietly. She had appeared to compare him intently with something she held crumpled in the palm of her left hand. He caught her doing this many times during the succeeding weeks. At first this had puzzled and annoyed him: it was like being identified with the past he had escaped. Then he realized that her hand was deformed, and overlooked the odd habit.

Since these two had had no common tongue, he had been long learning her name, but by signs he had shown her he wanted a boat to get to the mainland. She had no boat. This was perplexing. How had she come there? She seemed to be well stocked with rice-jars, and lived in a conventional native hut. She was certainly no castaway.

Jim had wondered about that as he

worked over his hand-made boat, firing the inside from a great stem, shaping the barky sides, rigging a crude bamboo mast and braiding ropes of reed fibre. He nearly wore out Tama's knife carving himself a stout paddle,



but when he showed her the twisted blade, she only laughed and, uncovering a bamboo pole in her rush-carpeted floor, she pointed to a number of notches. It was evident that she expected supplies at a future date and Jim was still more puzzled.

As days and weeks passed over, Jim came to the stubborn realization that he did not want to leave this isle—not alone. Hitherto he had, as his need had arisen, broken unflinchingly every tie with man and race. But now he had found strange companionship in the quiet Tama. She was kind, she did many little things to serve him and yet in each he caught a hint of superstition. She would lend him her knife but she always washed the handle in sea-water first. This he thought must be to ward off evil spirits.

At last his boat was done and lay moored like a dead thing upon the sulky tide. Jim had provisioned it as best he could, water in the skin bottles Tama had taught him to sew from the hides of the little rabbit-like creatures he caught in snares.

Then he asked Tama to go with him. There must, he thought, be settlements even in these heathen lands where a missionary or French priest could be found to marry them. But when he offered to lift her into the boat, Tama ran up the beach, tripped and

fell sobbing on the sand. Jim had never seen her cry before. Then as he bent over her he saw the strange look on her face. She loved him and was afraid, afraid for him lest he should touch her, for slowly she opened the numb fingers of her left hand and held it up before her. Jim swayed a little as he looked, for like the beating of a far-off surf, words of his English tongue echoed in his ears "whiter than leprosy—leprosy—leprosy." He withdrew his eyes from the stricken girl who still held up that shining diseased hand as if to ward off a blow.

With numb fingers Jim unbound from his belt the worn white handkerchief and dropped it in her lap. It contained the three sovereigns the captain had given him before he left the *Santa Lucia*. After that he left blindly, paddled quickly around the point, set his sail and tried to forget.

As afternoon wore on, he agonized under the palm-thatch. No wind came, but a gradual shifting current caught the boat and carried it farther seaward. As he felt the dull movement Jim stirred, rose and suddenly came fully conscious. With swift action he turned the canoe toward Koh-ring and in spite of the blazing sun on his uncovered head began his return. For an hour he worked against the current, for another and yet another hour he paddled, making little headway. He was coming back to Tama—Tama who had been so careful to wash the knife before he used it.

As if the sea and sky had guessed his purpose a black cloud rose upon his left, black that ate up the day and took the sun at one gulp. A strange strumming, and a harsh wail reached him out of the rising blackness, a sound like that of the great circular saw that bites into a fresh bolt. And then twenty feet from his boat, the cyclone struck. The sea rose to meet it, sucked up like a gigantic sheaf of wheat with a froth of foam at the top.

Far back on the sheltered shore beneath a palm tree Tama was still weeping over the three sovereigns in her lap.

CHRISTMAS

*The world in solemn wonder stood,
A deep hush fell,
When suddenly its people heard
The Christmas bell.*

*Long, long ago o'er lonely stall,
A glowing star
Appeared and drew the shepherds there
From hills afar.*

*All silently those rude men knelt
In manger small,
Beheld with awe God's Son and Heir
And heard His call.*

—Jean Watt.



THE WHITE MANTLE

*The soft white snow is falling,
The world is turning white,
And the storm king rides among us
In his beauty and his might.*

*He covers the earth with a blanket,
The ground is no longer seen,
And until the springtime opens
It will lie in its sleep serene.*

*The trees were bare and forbidding,
Not so many hours ago,
But now they are white and lovely
With blossoms of flaky snow.*

*It is God Who doth these wonders,
He maketh the white snow to fall,
The grass to turn green in the springtime,
And the leaves to turn scarlet all.*

*He is closer to us in the winter
Than in springtime, summer or fall;
For when His voice through the snow is
sounding,
We all listen to His call.*

—O. Littleford.

RETRIBUTION

BY NORMAN FARROW

A boy and a girl strolled silently beneath the massive old elms of the campus at Traynor College. At first sight they appeared to be merely a pair of co-ed lovers, but an observer with insight would have seen something more in it than that. The boy was tall, dark, rugged, a full-blooded Apache Indian, son of an Arizona chief; the girl, petite, fair, her hair almost red, a New York debutante of the year before. No more startling contrast could be imagined. A love such as theirs, to overstep the bounds of race and tradition, was no puppy-love.

It was the age-old attraction of opposites. They had first met two years before, when both were freshmen. Alice Bradley, the girl, had for several years been interested in the Western Indians, especially the Apaches of Arizona; then, when she met Naja at college, her interest in Indians in general had changed to love of one Indian in particular. With Naja it had been a case of love at first sight, but a love that caused him much pain. The stormy tribal scene caused when he announced his intention of going East to college was still very vivid in his mind, and he knew that to love a white girl was the ultimate sin, utterly incompatible with all tribal ideals. And yet, there was nothing he could do about his love for Alice. It was a powerful, living thing, not something to be snuffed out at will, like a candle. And so their love affair progressed, with Alice, in a heaven of delight, Naja in a sort of fearful daze. However, both knew that soon there must come a crisis; their respective families could not be kept in the dark indefinitely, and though Naja and Alice dreaded the day when their love must be exposed, they knew it must be faced. At the time the story opens, near the end of their sophomore year, they determined to end the suspense. Alice told her family of her love for Naja, and to her surprise they received the news much more easily than she had expected. Of course, they tried to change her mind, but when they saw that her love was really

a deep, spiritual emotion, not merely a passing fancy, they submitted gracefully.

Naja, however, had a much more difficult ordeal. His family, completely unaware of his infatuation, were dumbfounded at his revelation. They seemed to consider Naja's deed an insult to the tribe, and although they did him no actual physical violence, he was henceforth looked on with suspicion by the rest of the tribe, and felt ostracized from his fellow Apaches. He determined to bring Alice to Arizona, if he could, in the hope of making his people feel more friendly toward her, although he knew that they, immersed in the ancient traditions of the tribe, would be terribly hard to convince. As Alice and her family were eager for friendly relations with Naja's people, the next summer Naja, on his return home, was accompanied by Alice and her mother. Meeting the girl whom Naja hoped someday to make his wife seemed to soften somewhat the feeling of the tribe toward Naja and his love, but they remained suspicious and distant.

Alice saw some minor tribal ritual dances always performed for tourists, but these merely increased a secret desire of hers. Since she had fallen in love with Naja her interest in Apache tribal rites had doubled, and through intensive reading she had learned of a secret ritual dance never seen by the eyes of a white; to see this dance had become a passion with her. When she told Naja of her desire, he was, naturally, horrified. At first he gave her request for information about the dance a flat negative, but her desire was so strong and her pleadings so evidently sincere that he promised to consider. After that, Naja spent several sleepless nights debating with himself this vital question. He knew that her request was contrary to his creed and the inviolable laws of the tribe, but eventually his love for Alice conquered his discretion, and he promised to help her to see the dance. Two weeks later he brought her an Apache costume, told her the time and place of the ritual, and warned her to be careful.

Late that night she silently left the cottage on the edge of the town, in

which she and her mother were staying, and, keeping in the shadows as much as possible, started for the ritual ground which Naja had told her how to reach. She wore the Indian costume smuggled to her by Naja, and had dyed her skin. Her red hair struck an incongruous note, but she wore an elaborate head-dress which, she hoped, completely concealed her hair. Slowly, painstakingly, she crept, almost on hands and knees, toward the circle of bonfires which marked the ritual



ground; then hid herself among the stunted bushes and gazed out on a sight never before witnessed by a white. Seated in a circle inside the row of fires were several hundred redskins, stolidly watching the gyrations of a dozen or more fanatical Apaches, who were whirling, brandishing long knives, and occasionally rushing headlong through one of the bonfires. Weird devil-masks worn by the dancers heightened the effect, and Alice stared, fascinated, hypnotized, unconscious of the passage of time.

Then suddenly the snapping of a twig somewhere behind her brought her back with a jerk to reality. Fearfully she searched those stony faces around the fires. If there were signals passing among the Indians, they were imperceptible. Nevertheless she decided it was time to leave. Rising from her hiding place, she turned and started back along the path by which she had come. Suddenly, four massive redskins appeared before her,

as if from out of nowhere, their hands on the hilts of sheath-knives at their belts. She looked once at their expressionless faces; then screamed and fell, unconscious. She never regained consciousness.

The next day, her mother, alarmed at her disappearance, organized a searching party. Soon members of the party discovered, under some bushes at the bottom of a small gully, the bodies of Alice Bradley and her Indian sweetheart, each pierced with dozens of knives. It is said that love shatters the barriers of race and tradition; it is still open to question.

LONDONDERRY AIR

*In evening's halls the stars will still be
burning
When we are gone, and names have
passed away,
And yet this thought can not assuage a
yearning
To lift our voices to our parting day,
With faith that echoes are not lost forever,
Tho' they may roll beyond our present
ken;
But those who heard the first sad accents
never
Shall catch the poignant melody again.*
—Annie Vahalla Dodds.

Old Stratford—Continued from Page 23
between himself and his beloved Warwickshire:

*"Good frend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust encloased heare,
Blesse be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones."*

Can it be that he looked ten years into the future and envisaged this place when he wrote:

*"Duncan is in his grave.
After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."*

Neither the dome of St. Paul's nor the aisles of the Abbey could so fittingly enclose these bones. The Avon's winding backwaters overhung with willows, the riverside gardens with their deodars, privet hedges, hollyhocks and roses, the lush meadows, the chequered fields, the winding roads, may, in time, fade from memory, but this obscure spot of placid sanctity—never.

CONCERNING SHIPS---A FEW JOTTINGS

S. R. BYLES, B.A.



"Ships," "Horses" and "Dogs" are subjects which should be passed around with care. One is apt to run into some enthusiast who is just looking for an excuse for discoursing on his pet theme and then there begins a deluge which is difficult to stop. I have been asked to say something on the first of these topics and, as I am a bit of an enthusiast, you will know that the Editor has done the stopping.

My first experience at sea was on coming to Canada in 190— when I crossed the Atlantic on the "S.S. Canada." This ship, about 10,000 tons, was considered a fair vessel at that time, crossing from Liverpool to Halifax in eight days, and had been used as a troop-ship during the South African War. It was still in use during the Great War and on one of its last trips to this country brought home 1,200 officers of the Flying Corps who had been on service overseas.

After spending two years on the prairies, in what is now Saskatchewan, I decided to re-visit England and took passage on the "Empress of Britain," then a new ship but now discarded and superseded by the present famous ship of the same name which was put

into service only this summer. We sailed from Quebec on November 15th, and had fair weather until we came off the Irish Coast when we ran into a very bad storm. Something went wrong with the steering gear and it was necessary to stop the engines in order to make some repairs. The pitching and the rolling were quite bad enough when the vessel was making some headway against the waves, but when the engines stopped, the big ship rolled like a helpless log. Everything in the cabins, even our heavy trunks, pitched from side to side with every lurch of the ship and it was difficult to stay in the bunks, though most of us had not much ambition to be anywhere else. Next morning, we learned that the great rudder shaft had broken and that the ship was being steered entirely by means of the propellers. Had the boat been of the single propeller type we should have drifted helplessly and should have had to be towed to port.

The next series of crossings began during the war-period in connection with transportation work, and it was then that I had my first experience of travelling on board a freighter. This vessel was the "Tireseus," which or-

dinarily carried cargo, and had only four state-rooms for the accommodation of passengers, but was now fitted to take 1,200 troops instead of freight. The men were quartered below decks in the cargo-holds and were entirely devoid of creature comforts. Because of the danger of "subs" no smoking was allowed above decks after dark and towards the end of the journey (twelve days), even the men were not allowed above decks after dusk. A temporary emergency hospital had been built on the main deck and we had four poor fellows there with pneumonia when, one night, a rolling sea came right over the top of this superstructure and nearly drowned the men in their beds.

On this voyage, too, we had one of the most exciting races imaginable. It happened that in the same convoy we had the sister-ship to the "Tireseus," the "Reseus," and the crews of both ships were eager for a race for it was the first time they had ever been together. When we arrived off Dover (we were bound for London), the convoy was broken up and as each ship took on a pilot it was allowed to go "on its own." The "Reseus" was the second ship to take on a pilot and we were the fourth so that our rival had a lead of several miles by the time we cleared away for the run round the Foreland and up the Estuary of the Thames to Gravesend. Immediately we could feel the throb of the great engine with its huge piston and the vibration of the single propellor and it was not long before the normal speed of eleven knots had been pushed up to fifteen. Both ships were manned by Chinese crews and the men would keep coming up on deck between periods in the stoke-hold, to see how the race was going. You can imagine their

excitement, demonstrated in both voice and gesture, as we began to overhaul the other ship which, in contrast to our 1,200 Canadians, had on board 1,200 "Sammies." As we drew into the narrow and tortuous channel of the Thames we began to draw alongside the "Reseus" and no school yells could equal the cheers of the men on the two ships. This was kept up for miles and it looked, sometimes, as though one or other of the ships would surely fail to take one of the sharp bends or else would run into some other ship trying to come down the river. Gradually, however, we pulled ahead and we had the distinction of being the first of the convoy of six ships to drop anchor at Gravesend, late in the evening of twenty-fourth of May.

My return voyage on this trip was on the Olympic, one of the greatest of all ships. This vessel, called "Transport 2810" during the war, was manned entirely by naval men and carried four six-inch guns. Her duties as troopship took her to many ports, American, Canadian, and even to some of the Mediterranean, and in this service she carried more than 200,000 men.

It was my privilege to sail on this ship again when she brought her last company of Canadian soldiers home from England. Before we left Southampton we were given a Civic farewell by the Mayor and Aldermen of the City, who were all attired in their gorgeous civic robes. I shall never forget the cheers of the 5,400 men on board, nor the sight of the solid mass of khaki as the men climbed to every vantage point to wave "Goodbye" to "Blighty."

TO THE MOTHERLAND

*The land I love to dream of
And cherish above others,
Is like an Emerald paradise
Where all men are as brothers.*

*I want to see its rocky coasts,
Dear mountain glens, I knew,
And pluck a handful of shamrock
Out of its breast anew.*

*For in the night and when the rain
The foaming river fills,
I fancy that I see again
My old home in the hills.*

*O land of which I dream,
Fair Ireland, Emerald Isle,
I'm going back to thee again
And may I stay awhile.*

—Agnes Swanton.



HEREDITY

By FRANK WHITE

Peter was an architect, that is, he drew plans, good plans too, of houses and churches and all sorts of magnificent places, but the most wonderful plan he ever conceived never materialized—his son's future. Still, in the end he felt no disappointment.

Peter Brown loved several things—he loved his wife, his work, perhaps he loved himself (it's a common disease) but especially he loved the game of rugby. He had played, his father had played, both had graduated Hartwell College, and it was his fondest hope to have a son who should "carry on."

Then there was "Norwood"; for generations it had sheltered the successive little Peter Browns and seen them become fine men and great rugby players. There was a barn too—a barn which had kept stride with the times to the extent of becoming a garage; behind it lay a long stretch of turf sacred to the memory of many bruised arms and scraped shins. This plot had been nominally for the exercise of the Brown horses, deceased, but had later served in a more glorious capacity for the exercise of the Brown boys. Here Peter, as had his father before him, acquired the uncanny drop-kicking skill by sending them with various degrees of success through the hay-loft door. This door was closely flanked by two small windows and the possibility of their breakage proved a far greater mental hazard than any distant goal posts were ever to be.

Thus you see it was into an atmosphere thoroughly permeated with the manly game of rugby that the stork chose to deliver a brand new Brown. Peter was told that she was just as sweet as ever she could be.

Dreams crushed—boys had so long been a Brown tradition, that the possibility of an error in allotment seemed never to have entered Peter's head. However, he lived his disappointment down and resolved that Lysbeth (for so she was named) should be every bit as much a lady as little Peter was to have been a man.

From a very lovable bit of a baby she became an exquisite little girl. Now on her nineteenth birthday, she was a charming, none the less exquisite, and certainly a very lovable young lady. Every one said so, but more especially did Garry Hunter.

That Garry had fallen very much in love with Lysbeth was as evident as it was inevitable and as inevitable as if the fact that Lysbeth had come to Hartwell.

Garry, on the other hand, was just right, Lysbeth said. He was tall but not too tall. Solid, but not too solid. His hair was blond and wavy, but not too blond nor too wavy. His jaw was square, but nicely so. And above all this young man on whom the gods so smiled was this year predicted to be a very large part of the Hartwell team. Why rugby team, of course.

No, Lysbeth we don't blame at all, rather we offer our congratulations.

The prediction became a reality and

the finished schedule found Hartwell and Churcher College tied for the lead. Garry had in all truth pulled a rather mediocre team through most of the season. The game to break the deadlock was arranged for Thanksgiving Day.

At Peter's suggestion Lysbeth invited Garry down to Norwood for the weekend preceding the game. They drove the sixty odd miles on Friday afternoon, and arrived just in time for dinner. Table talk that evening was confined mostly to rugby.

Time flew, and before they were aware that the evening had gone, eleven o'clock rang softly through the house.

Garry had just started to undress. That is he had kicked and wiggled one unoffensive shoe until it had gone flying across the room. A rap on the door was followed by: "Garry; do you mind if I come in a second," and then by Peter.

"Say, young fellow"—and the closing door muffled their voices.

There must have been, however, some connection between "Say, young fellow" and the fact that the following morning found both Garry and Peter engaged in what might be termed a spirited kicking duel in the paddock. Garry kicked well, but couldn't equal Peter's great 60-yard punts. However surprised Garry was at this, the greatest shock, however, came just before they returned to the barn. Peter drew his attention to the open hay-loft door, some fifty yards distant. Then with no apparent effort dropped the ball cleanly through the open door. To say that Peter was surprised is all too mild.

"Upon my soul! Can you do that every time?" asked Garry.

"Oh, no, not every time," said Peter. "I missed it several times this year, once last spring. Forgot to allow quite enough for the wind." Garry failed to see the laughter in Peter's eyes.

Breakfast was over. Peter had gone into town, and Lysbeth and Garry on a tour of inspection found themselves standing in the locality of what Peter had that morning called "the stadium." Garry had just told Lysbeth how great a rugby player her father was, and Lysbeth with feigned pique had said: "Of course I know. Whose father is he?"

"You say he can drop-kick, Garry. I

shall tell—no, show you a secret." She ran back across the lawn and into the barn, from where she emerged several seconds later with a football under her arm. Approaching Garry, she said to him, "From where we stand to that door is fifty yards," turned about and repeated her father's feat with even less effort it seemed.

It was too much for Garry. He sat down quite abruptly, and in a weak irreverent voice said, "Lord."

"You must promise never to tell anyone, especially Dad," Lysbeth told him.

Thursday brought the game. The air was cool, although the sun shone brightly, and a rising breeze promised to give zest to the kicking. Half-time found the score six-two. Garry had kicked the six points, and played a splendid game. The second half had scarcely begun when with bewildering rapidity, two near tragedies changed the whole outlook. First Garry emerged from a scrimmage with a badly torn ligament. His absence seemed to unnerve the entire team, and a series of bad plays was climaxed by a fumble behind the line. A Churcher ball-hero fell on it, and the convert made the score now six-eight. The quarter ended with a drive by Hartwell that brought them to midfield.

Up in the stand in section C the ushers were paging "Miss Brown."

The time-board showed but two minutes to play, when from the Hartwell bench two players arose and hurried toward the play. One limped badly—it was Garry. The crowd, sensing the unusual, cheered. The other player evidently a substitute, seemed very slight beside Garry, and several people in the closer seats noticed the boy wore only an ordinary pair of brogues, small ones at that.

The huddle resolved itself into a conference.

"Second down."

A kick. The little chap was taking it—bully for him!

Why it looks—why it is a drop. High, still higher; it floated now; the wind is carrying it, but carrying it straight through the fifty yards distance goal-arms.

The siren screams: The game is over. Hartwell 9, Churcher 8.

AT MENIN GATE



A curving street flanked with tall, new shops leads out of the southeast corner of the Grand Place at Ypres. It seems to come to an abrupt end about two hundred yards farther on, but closer inspection shows it passing under a lofty archway and through a temple-like edifice. On the parapet above the arch are chiselled two large urns covered by a toga. The walls within are inscribed with names—54,000 of them—names of those who have come out of great tribulation and whose grave is known only unto God. The street leads through this vaulted chamber, crosses the moat by a causeway, and, as the Menin Road, passes on out to the immortal salient. Above the arch on this outer side the valiant British lion is keeping his stern, perpetual vigil, as of old, toward that quarter whence the menace was impending.

As night falls the parapet is silhouetted against the saffron sky. The murky waters of the moat reflect the outlines of Vauban's ramparts, stretching away to right and left—those marvellous earthworks faced with masonry which could withstand four years of up-to-date bombardment.

Above the interminable rows of names one reads the inscription:

Ad majorem Dei Gloriam

Here are recorded names of officers and men who fell in Ypres salient but to whom the fortunes of war denied the known and honored burial given to their comrades in death.

There is an air of hushed expectancy in the crowd which has imperceptibly

gathered within this place. On the stroke of nine the bugles go. Three Belgian civilians are giving *Last Post*. No other sound. Against the walls memorial wreaths and fresh flowers are massed. Some women are wiping their eyes; some men, too. Others have set their faces in that look of brooding sorrow, of silent, tearless grief perpetuated in the St. Julien memorial.

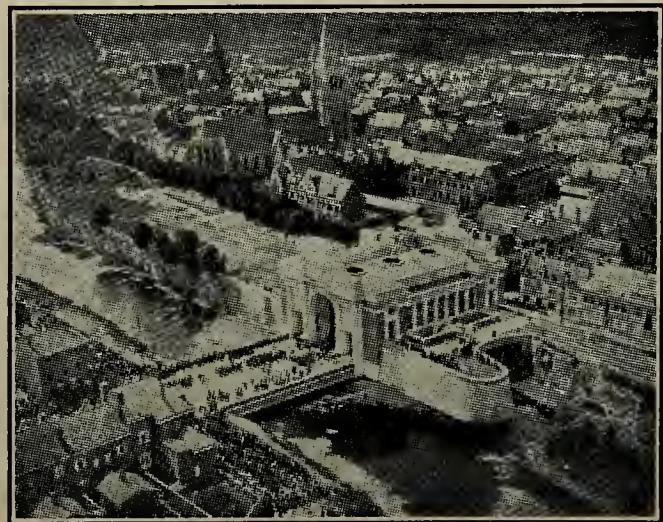
The buglers finish, the crowd melts away, lights are dimmed, motors resume their way, the place is deserted. Deserted? Not yet. The archway is suddenly filled with marching men, in full kit. They are moving up from Poperinghe to the line.

Amazing numbers in this column of wraiths—over 54,000—of whom 6,000 wear the Maple Leaf. They are singing an incomprehensible dirge as they swing along.

Two thousand years ago the Roman Horace declared in deathless words: "*Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*" "It is a sweet and fitting thing to die for the fatherland." To whom is it sweet and fitting, for God's sake? To the gassed at Vancouver Cross Roads who first inhaled the hellish fumes and gasped out their lives in torment? Pro patria! Was it sweet to these?

Yes! The Roman was right. To die was sweet. Now the song of the wraiths becomes intelligible:

"Tell Canada, all you who pass this gate,
The rest we now enjoy came all too late."





REMEMBRANCE DAY SERVICE

Remembrance Day was very fittingly commemorated in London South Collegiate.

The Literary President, Marjory Lister, announced the programme. The service opened with the hymn "Abide With Me," for which illuminated slides were used very effectively. A fine solo, "The Trumpeter," was rendered by Mr. Kenneth Smith, accompanied by Miss McRobert. Then came the address of the afternoon by Captain Gillanders, D.F.C.

He said that the eleventh of November was no longer called Armistice Day but Remembrance Day by our Canadian Parliament, as being a better expression of the true meaning of the occasion. The flag outside the school was a symbol of our liberty and of the great British traditions recalled especially to our minds on Remembrance Day. The poppy, had been exalted from a despised position to a precious symbol of the red blood of our Canadian manhood spilt on Flanders' Fields. The flower of forgetfulness had become the flower of remembrance.

The impressive service was concluded by a solo, "The Boys of the Old Brigade," sung by Mr. Archie McCulloch, Mr. E. W. G. Quantz, accompanist.

THE CANADIAN SPIRIT

By E. G. JARMAIN

It pervades our fair Dominion from Cape Race to Nootka Sound, from bleak Hudson's Bay to the smiling Great Lakes, this Canadian spirit, that ties our hearts with a band of patriotic love which naught can sever. On the mountain trails of the glorious Rockies, in the harvest fields of the broad prairies amid the forest hosts of the Laurentians or in the fisheries of the Maritimes, still the spirit that is Canada prevails, the dominant sentiment of every Canadian.

It inspires men to the execution of the bravest of brave deeds and to the establishing of the highest of high ideals. The polar explorer, risking his life that we Canadians may know more of our country, is actuated by the same pulse of patriotism that moves the soul of the doctor, risking his life by exposing it to dread disease that we Canadians may live to do something for Canada.

We read but lately the tale of the steadfast devotion to duty that kept a trooper of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police on the staff of the Communist party for nine years, an unsuspected agent of the Canadian government. Nine long years of perpetual risk and of unwearied waiting for the proof his commanding officer needed to wipe from the face of Canada's history the stain this anti-Canadian party had placed thereon, was the toll his duty demanded. Yet his spirit guided him through. He is an outstanding example of the Canadian spirit as it is manifest today.

You may read these lines, and, perchance, you may say to yourself: "I shall never get an opportunity to display my spirit of patriotism. Nothing that will ever happen to me will make it my duty to sacrifice myself for my country." But you will be wrong. Some day, in some way, you will be tested; and do not let it be said of you that you failed to pass the acid test of patriotic sacrifice that reveals one's true worth as a Canadian.

AUTUMN SUNSET

*Changing, rose deepens into crimson—
A gold and blue symphony of color,
Tints indescribable, pale green and saphron,
Just beauty expressed in the glow of the west,
In the sunset.*



*From the crest of a hill, a high hill,
Through a fine, black network of branches,
Fanning your cheek, a breeze, sweet and chill;
All alone too, is the best way to view
The sunset.*

*Fading, all the glory of the sky,
As a fair cheek fades before death;
Darkness deepens, begins to intensify,
Night comes with a rush, breaking the hush
Of the sunset.*

—Jean Phillips.

TWILIGHT

*Deepening, fall the shadows, that flicker to and fro;
Hastening go the people, through softly falling snow;
And as the darkness gathers, creeping o'er the light,
All the homes are busy, preparing for the night.*

—Mary Vanderheiden.

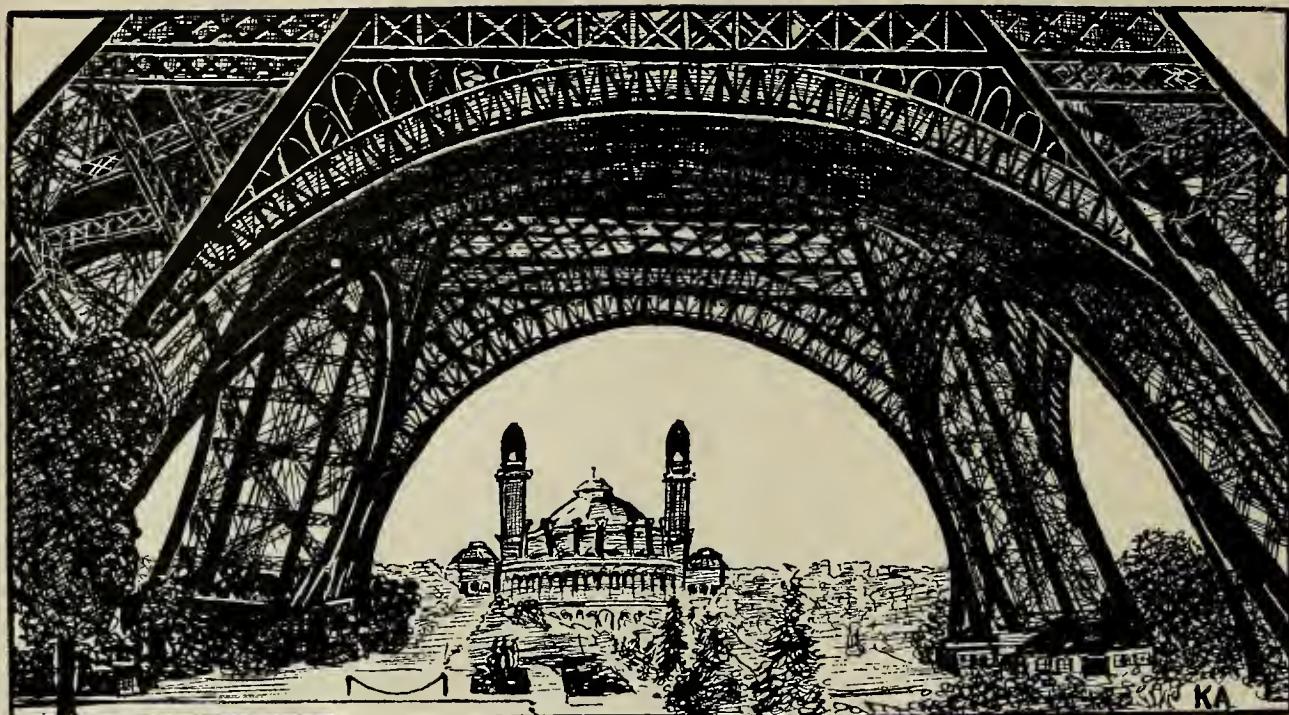
MY DREAMS

*O God, assail these castles of my strength,
Throw down my walls and all the windy towers;
Those that I builded in my golden hours
While sand on sand poured out at idle length;
Shake off my bulwarks in a thunderous heap,
Crack off my banner from its straining staff,
Give me to hear the wind's derisive laugh,
As through my broken archways he shall sweep.*

*O let oblivion, like a falling rain,
Descend upon my visions overnight,
Lest I, deluded in their glamour bright,
Should bar my gates and close my portals vain;
And in these empty rooms of my delight
Pile some imagined treasure from Thy sight.*

—Annie Vahalla Dodds.





Editeur, JACK WATSON Editrice Consultante, Mlle. M. K. MACPHERSON, B.A.

UN JOUR AU CHATEAU FONTAINEBLEAU

C'était à regret et avec un commencement de nostalgie, peut-être, que nous avons tourné de dos sur Paris, un de ces jours de soleil si rares l'été passé. Regret de courte durée car chaque kilomètre parcouru apportait de nouvelles charmes.

Première satisfaction—la voiture, une Citroën à 6 cylindres, ou, si vous voulez être très précis, la voiture—automobile! Elle marchait à merveille et n'était du tout un "tac-tac" (argot Français qui veut dire "old crock" ou "tin lizzie"). De plus, c'était l'époque de la moisson et tous les champs offraient leurs paysages animés où l'on voyait des moissonneuses, des lieuses et des travailleurs agricoles. Nous étions tout yeux.

A quelques heures de Paris nous nous sommes trouvés à l'entrée d'une forêt épaisse. Quels arbres magnifiques dans cette célèbre prét de Fontainebleau laquelle entoure entièrement le vieux palais des rois de France. Dans n'importe quelle direction qu'on dirige ses pas en quittant le palais, il faut traverser cette forêt, et l'on peut s'imaginer les jongeuses chasses de jadis quand le roi et les nobles poursuivaient les sangliers. Mais revenous au Palais de Fontainebleau, un très grand édifice bâti autour de plusieurs cours, cours sans intérêt pour nous et assez mono-

tones avec leur pavé. Derrière la partie du palais qui s'appelle le château de François Ier se trouvent les jardins et le bassin des carpes—la joie des enfants, et même des grandes personnes (ceci, entre nous). Cette belle après-midi le jardin est plein de jolis petits enfants qui s'amusent à jeter des biscuits à ces gros poissons gourmands. Ecoutez leurs cris "Maman, regarde le poisson! En voilà un gros!" Mais il faut quitter les carpes et visiter le palais. Si vous aimez les beaux meubles et les belles tapisseries, le bois sculpté, et tout ce qui fait votre rêve d'un palais, allez voir Fontainebleau. Voici beaucoup des plus splendides ameublements de l'époque de Napoléon avec tous les souvenirs qu'ils peuvent rappeler aux spectateurs. Et au moment qu'on regarde le berceau doré du petit "Roi de Rome" (fils de Napoléon mort très jeune) on entendra certainement des cris d'admiration et de pitié. Plus loin on voit l'appartement qui servait de prison au pape pendant sa visite chez Napoléon. Le confort et le luxe de ces trois grandes pièces auraient certainement du charme pour un prisonnier ordinaire, mais toute la broderie du monde ne vaut pas la liberté, et le pape n'était libre.

Pour terminer, allons voir les salles du château de François I, avec leurs murs épais de quinze à dix-sept pieds et leurs planchers et leurs plafonds magnifiques. Il est impossible de les décrire

mais qu'on s'imagine un plafond à décoration géométrique, tout en relief, et pour comble, un plancher où se retrouve le même dessein en bois colorés. Ces plafonds s'appellent "plafond à caissons."

Il est quatre heures et demie et à force de regarder en haut et en bas nous avons grand faim. Quittons le palais par le fameux escalier du fer à cheval et allons en ville trouver les meilleures brioches qu'on ait jamais mangées et une bonne tasse de chocolat! "Which we did."—A. M. FREEMAN et CIE.

DES METIERS DU TERROIR CANADIEN FRANCAIS

Cet an à la "Western Fair," il y eut une exposition des métiers du terroir canadien-français, qui montrait très clairement leur vie primitive. De petits tapis à beaucoup de couleurs, des couvertures, des courtepoints blanches en lin, et des ceintures fléchées étaient pendues au mur, et l'espace était orné comme une petite maison canadienne-française. Quel tableau très intéressant! Pour faire les couvertures il y a beaucoup d'ouvrage. D'abord le lin est arraché sur le champ, et on le bat fortement, et on le trampe dans l'eau, et alors on le fait sécher. Alors le lin est prêt pour le rouet et enfin on fait de petites nappes et des courtepoints. Les petits tapis sont tissés par main dans la région de, "Murray Bay," et sont de grande valeur, parce qu'ils montrent de jolis tableaux, par exemple, une petite maison, derrière des arbres en hiver, avec les laurentines bleus à l'arrière-plan. Le soir des hommes canadien-français chantèrent des chansons du terroir, commençant par, "O Canada," et suivant par, "Au clair de la lune," "Frère Jaques," "Alouette," et beaucoup d'autres. Ils se mirent comme aux jours d'autre fois, vêtus d'un gilet, d'une culotte d'étoffe grise, de chemises à carreaux, de ceintures fléchées de grande valeur et chaussés de bottes sauvages. Ces ceintures fléchées coûtent à peu près quatre-vingt dollars. Quand les hommes chantaient, une vieille filait et on pouvait entendre le bruit doux de son rouet. Ce tableau eut l'air d'une maison canadienne-française et je croyais à moi-même, "Quelle vie tranquille!"—J. WATSON, V B.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

Avez-vous jamais tâché de parler français pendant une demi-heure? Des élèves des classes supérieures se sont assemblés plusieurs fois l'année dernière pour pratiquer la conversation française. Ceux qui dirigeaient les programmes étaient—D. Kidd, L Patterson, G. Hamlyn, M. Trout, J. McKay, C. Walters et R. Carnegie. Un après-midi les élèves ont joué aux jeux et ont chanté des chansons; un autre jour ils ont fait un voyage de Paris à Lyons dans un train. Il s'est passé beaucoup d'incidents amusants.

Cet an le cercle français s'organisera tout à l'heure et nous espérons que les élèves profiteront de faire part à ces programmes.

—M.K.M.

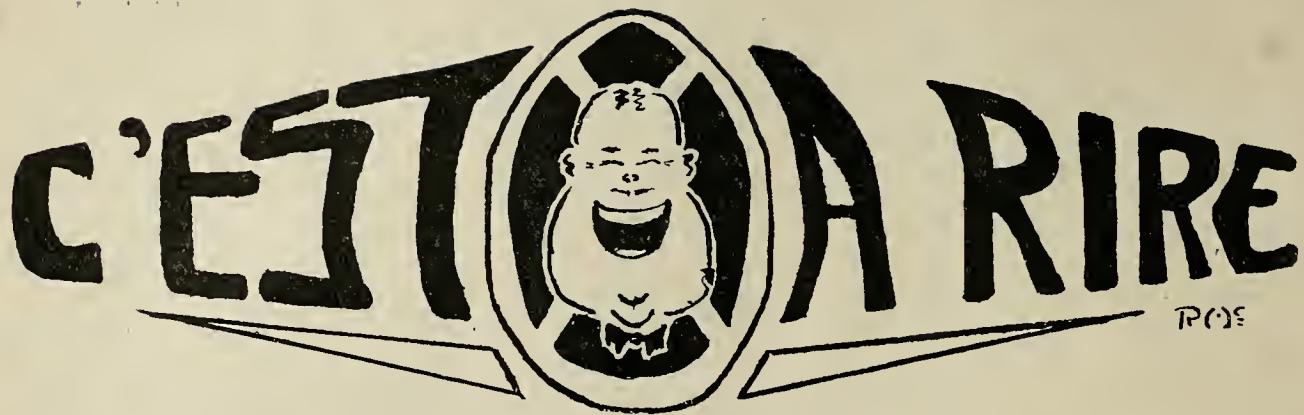
STAMP COLLECTORS

This week a remarkable stranger, claimed admission to my circle of stamp friends, a veritable chief from the South Seas, in the scanty but picturesque costume of the Cook Islands. He figures on the new 2½d. stamps of Rarayonga, Aitutaki, Nieu and Penrhyn. The gentleman on the stamp is a Raratongan and is pictured before his house amid the palm groves. In his left hand he holds a spear (his power of fight) but in the other hand he holds a fan which indicates he is a man of peace. His head-gear is made from the feathers of the wood-dove and the bosun-bird.

Look out for the new stamps from Newfoundland, for there are many pleasing designs. One shows a map of the Island and part of North America. Another shows the Grand Falls of Labrador.

Among the portrait stamps are the King and Queen and the Prince of Wales, and several views showing Heart's Content where the first trans-Atlantic cable was received; Cabot's Tower, where the first trans-Atlantic wireless message was received. Probably the best of the Newfoundland stamps from the point of color scheming is the fifteen cent issue showing the Vickers-Vimy aeroplane, in which Sir John Alcock set out from Newfoundland, on the first successful trans-Atlantic flight.

—JERRY COPPELMAN, III B.



L'un: "Tous les grands hommes meurent récemment."

L'autre: "Mais oui, je ne me porte pas bien moi-même."

* * *

Un malade consulte un médecin. Il souffre de bronchite. Le médecin hoche la tête d'un air entendu, puis il prescrit un remède, qui, assure-t-il, aura promptement raison son mal.

Vous paraissiez avoir une grande expérience de cette maladie, remarque le client.

Mais oui, répond le médecin, il y a plus de quinze ans que je souffre moi-même.

* * *

A quelle heure cet individu vous a-t-il attaqué?

Je ne pourrais pas vous dire, monsieur le commissaire. Il a commencé par d'abord m'enlever ma montre.

* * *

Le Père: "Qui vous a donné l'oeil noir?"

Son Fils: "Personne ne me l'a donné! Il me fallait en combattre!"

Le Père: "Il ne faut pas manger autant, Toto, ou on finira par t'appeler un petit glouton. Tu sais ce que c'est?"

Toto: "Le petit garçon d'un gros glouton."

* * *

Mlle. McPherson: "Il vous faut avoir ce livre. Ce fera une moitié de vos devoirs!"

H. Kester: "Eh bien! J'en achèterai deux!"

* * *

Qu'est-ce que tu veux être quand tu seras grand Jean?

Je veux être soldat.

Et tu n'auras pas peur d'être tué?

Par qui?

Par qui? Par l'ennemi naturellement!

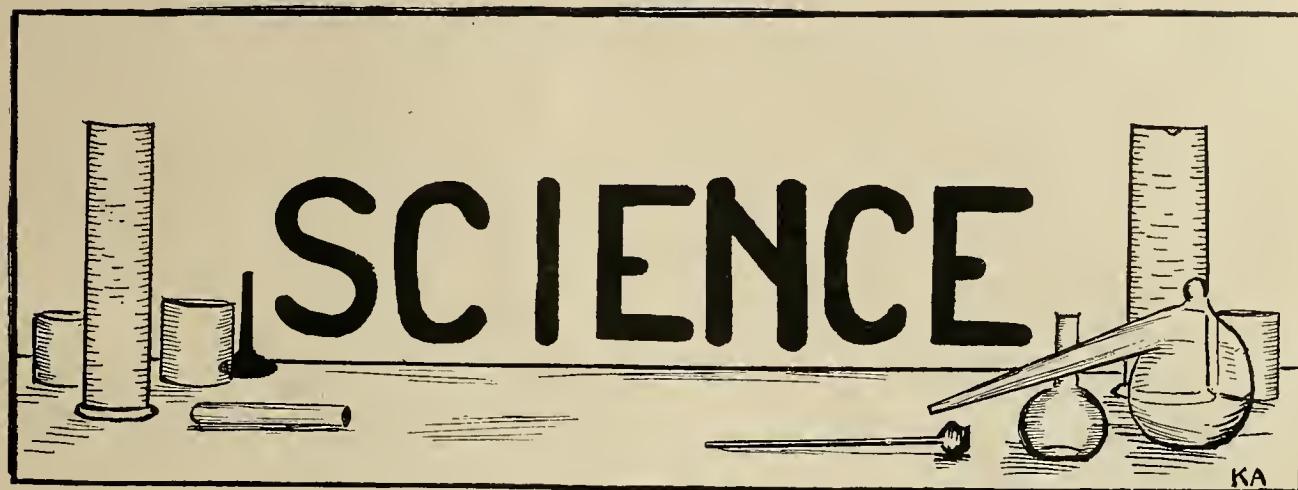
Eh bien! alors je serai l'ennemi!

* * *

Le professeur: "Est-ce que l'un de vous pourrait me dire quelle réflexion fit Newton quand une pomme lui tomba sur la tête?"

Un élève (vivement): 'Il dut se dire— Ah! quelle chance que ce ne soit pas une brique.'





Editor, GEORGE LAMONT, IV B

THE X-RAY

By H. S. WISMER, M.D.

Radiologist.

To submit a short article on the X-Ray one must be content to simply jump from one high peak to another.

When Conrad Roentgen first discovered this new type of energy he opened up such new wonders in the world of physics that we are only now beginning to realize its far-reaching effects and future potentialities. It is only necessary to recapitulate the apparently disjointed connections between Faraday's electrical researches of a century ago, Daguerre's discovery of photograph, Crookes' low-pressure gas tube, Stokes' work on fluorescence and Roentgen's astute observations on the behaviour of fluorescent screens and photographic plates in the vicinity of a Crookes' tube to grasp something of the romance of X-Ray.

Roentgen's discovery came in 1895 and was immediately given to the world. Science at once grasped its significance and medicine was, perhaps, the first of the applied sciences to put it to practical use. Here was an agent to penetrate solid material. Indeed there was now no such thing as solid material. Matter was now built of infinitely small "bricks" with great wide interstices capable of allowing a ray to easily pass between its "bricks." For the first few years progress was slow but soon acquired momentum, particularly during the World War.

For a comprehension of the physics of the X-Ray tube it is necessary to

have a working knowledge of the nature of matter as twentieth century physics sees it. Dalton's atomic theory taught the 19th century savants that the atom was the smallest particle to which matter could be subdivided. 20th century physics takes the little hard 19th century pellet and reconstructs as a small solar system with a central sun or "proton" revolving around which are from one to ninety-two planets or "negative electrons." This model of the atom is not exactly correct but serves as a good working theory.

An X-Ray tube is composed of a glass bulb exhausted of atmospheric air as far as possible with two terminals, an anode and cathode. The first tubes used were gas tubes which depended on gas introduced into the tube and the later types are not cathode tubes. The principle in each is the same. When the tube is energized by a high potential current the negative electrons are torn away from the atoms of either the gas in the gas tube or the heated filament in the "hot cathode" tube at the cathode terminal. These flow across the intervening gap between the two terminals and are bombarded against the anode which is specially constructed so as to present a target which is inclined at an angle to the stream of electrons. This electronic stream is known as the cathode ray. It travels at thousands of miles per second and produces at the point of impact a ray which travels outward in all directions. This is the X-Ray. Its wave lengths are very much shorter than light. It has the same velocity as light, 186,000 miles a second, obeys

the law of inverse squares. can be reflected but cannot be refracted.

The uses to which X-Rays have been put are many. By far the most outstanding use has been its application to pure science as a means for measuring the constitution of matter. From this came the discovery of radium by Madame Curie, the modern conception of the atom with its far-reaching effects in the applied sciences (radio for instance), and the tremendous stimulus to astronomical investigation of the physical nature of the universe. In medicine it has been a great aid to the physician in the diagnosis of many obscure diseases and in the treatment of many serious as well as trivial conditions.

More recently the X-Ray has been used in the detection of spurious works of art and more recently still it has been used for the detection of flaws in metal castings. Such use in commerce is bound to develop tremendously in the future when one thinks of the many metal parts that break in automobiles and airplanes, due to faults in the manufacture, with disastrous results to life and limb.

Rayon from Cotton

Most of the rayon manufactured at the present time comes from wood pulp. The cellulose is extracted by a chemical treatment, which dissolves out the fats, resins, and other materials. It is then treated with other chemical agents, chiefly sodium hydroxide, and finally the resulting sticky substance is forced through tiny holes as in a sprinkler. When dried, the fine threads which emerge from these holes closely resemble silk. These are then woven into rayon fabrics.

Spruce is the wood chiefly used in producing rayon. However, with the increasing demand and the prospects of an entirely new textile resembling wool from this source, it may soon be necessary to find a substitute for spruce.

At the present time, cotton is produced only with considerable care and expense. It is planted in rows about four feet apart, and subjected to much cultivating. In harvest time the cotton is picked by hand and ginned while the stalks are left in the field. In this new method of produc-

ing rayon the whole plant—both stalks and lint—is utilized. The crop can now be mowed like hay, ginned and baled without picking. This greatly reduces the expense of producing cotton. Then, too, as the plants will be crowded together, they will mature faster than in the old way, and so will produce more lint, relative to the size of the plant. Thus the cellulose yield of the whole plant may be raised to about sixty-five per cent. The new method of sowing cotton will practically eliminate cultivation, and is expected to produce better and cheaper rayon.

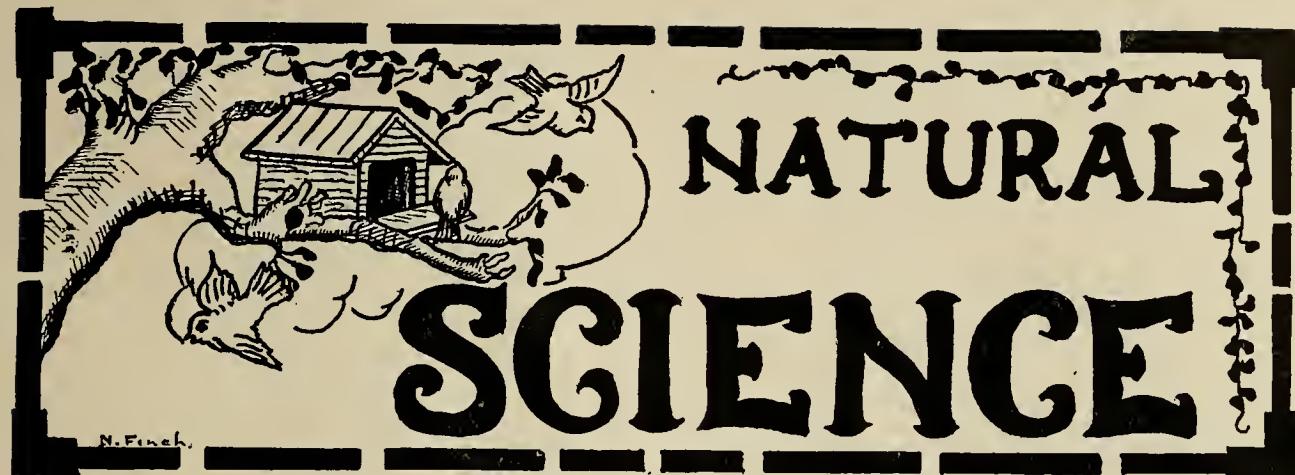
—G. M. L.

EDISON AND ELECTRICITY

Although there are over twelve hundred patents registered in Edison's name, most of his active life was devoted to inventions of an electrical nature. The most important of these are the incandescent lamp, and the system for the transmission of electric current for producing light, heat and power.

Edison himself considered his inventions leading to the development of the electric light and power industry to be most important, for, until his time, electric lights were known only in the form of powerful arc lamps to illuminate streets. After more than a year of concentrated effort he succeeded by carbonizing a piece of ordinary thread, in making the first incandescent lamp, which, when placed in a circuit maintained its incandescence for over forty hours. In two months these lamps were perfected to such an extent that a public demonstration was given. Two years later a factory was established and almost immediately electricity became the most popular means of illumination. Edison went on to improve the dynamos, and the means of determining and distributing the current produced by them. He also perfected sockets, switches and various other appliances to facilitate the use of electricity in the home.

The inscription on the United States Congressional Gold Medal "In commemoration of his achievements in illuminating the path of progress through the development and application of his inventions," expresses the sentiment of a grateful world.—JEAN PHILLIPS.



Editor, BOB MCLEOD, V B

FEEDING THE WINTER BIRD

Such a vast amount of knowledge is included under the name "Natural Science" that it would be impossible for any one person thoroughly to peruse the entire subject. But Natural Science has so many various phases, all of which are intensely fascinating, that there is a subject to suit the taste of every person who does not stop up his ears to the voice of nature or blind himself to her beauties.

To my mind the most interesting of these departments is Ornithology, and at this particular season it is appropriate to consider the feeding of winter birds.



This is one of the most interesting of winter pastimes, and one which involves very little expense and only a few minutes of work each day.

Before the winter storms come many of the birds migrate to the south. On the other hand there are over twenty common species that regularly stay with us during the winter. In London district alone, thirty-five species were observed in a single day. This was the result of the observations of the people taking part in the annual "Christmas Bird Census of the MacIlwraith Ornithological Society." During the three winter months, December, January and February, there have been observed in Middlesex County nearly eighty species of birds.

NATURAL SCIENCE

However, although a person cannot expect to have many species of birds attracted to his feeding station, he may be reasonably sure of having at least two or three if he will provide food and water regularly.

A great deal of the birds' natural food becomes covered with snow so that many birds perish during the winter from lack of food. For this reason several species forget their fear of man and come to the source of supply.

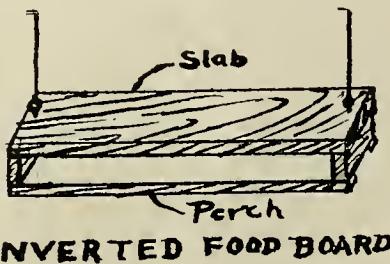
To insure their visits regularly the bird feeder must renew the food. If the birds come and find that there is no more food they are very apt to forsake that particular feeding station and seek food elsewhere.

The best and cheapest foods are sunflower seeds and suet. These will attract nearly all the winter birds, although it is wise to supply also millet, for the benefit of such birds as the junco. Enough sunflower seed to last several seasons can be bought for twenty-five cents. An interesting field for investigation would be to experiment with different varieties of foods to find out which are most acceptable.

There are several methods of offering suet. A lump of suet may be covered with wire netting and nailed to a tree. This prevents any large birds such as a bluejay from carrying off the whole piece. On the other hand it is dangerous as the bird's tongue or eye might be injured by sticking to the frosty metal. A safer method is the use of the feeding stick. This can be easily made by boring holes about one inch in diameter and half an inch deep in a small log four or five inches thick and about fifteen inches long. A log with rough bark such as elm is

preferable as it provides a secure foot-hold for chickadees, downy and hairy woodpeckers and nuthatches. The holes may be plugged with suet or filled with sunflower seeds with melted suet poured over them. I have tried both these methods and find that the birds prefer the plain suet. The sunflower seeds seem more acceptable separately.

An ingenious device which prevents the English sparrows from taking the food as well as protecting it from rain and snow has been invented by Mr. W. E. Saunders, a prominent London ornithologist. It consists of a flat slab



INVERTED FOOD BOARD

with perches below. Melted suet is poured on the underside of the slab, to which it adheres when it hardens. The agility of the woodpeckers and chickadees enable them to hang upside down while feeding.

The small amount of work involved is well worth while. As well as providing the pleasure of observing the feeding habits of the birds it benefits the country by preserving the useful birds which might otherwise perish.

—BOB MCLEOD.

How Many of These Birds Do You Know?

(Answers on Page 87).

1. The crazy bird.
2. The furry bird.
3. Scotty at the beach.
4. The hunter.
5. You should keep your hat on when this bird is near.
6. The milkmaid.
7. The astronomer.
8. Fun in a field.
9. Norman, the artist.
10. Mr. McNeil when he is peeved.
11. Dealer in rags, bottles, old iron, etc.
12. Church dignitary.
13. Mr. Byles in Auditorium.
14. The bird that incubates squirrel food.
15. Mr. Graham.
16. Frank White.



MAPLE LEAVES

By FLOYD LANTZ, V B

The Maple Leaf is the emblem of Canada and all its virtues; many wonder why. Few realize the unity, strength, and character expressed.

The veins, radiating from one central point, hold together and strengthen the leaf. Just so, from the icy regions of the Klondike to sunny southern Ontario, do the ties of manhood bind us together. The clear-cut, beautiful outline expresses character in a marked degree.

The far-flung outstretched tips express Canadian tenacity and ambition. "To have and to hold" has always been a watch-word among true Canadians, following the example set by the Motherland. The maple tree, the last of the deciduous trees to drop its burden of foliage, also expresses tenacity.

The highly-coloured leaves in autumn express the Canadian outlook. Just as the leaves reach the brightest colours, in the same way Canada faces the future with high hopes and without fear.

The leaf, along with others of her kind, joins the branch by means of the stem. The stem might well represent the silken ties binding the dominions to the island kingdom. In reality, however, the large leaves would overwhelm the tiny branch.

Is it strange, therefore, that the maple leaf has been selected as representative of Canada? There is no other thing in this fair land of ours, from sea to sea, which represents better in miniature Canadian unity, Canadian character, and Canadian loyalty.

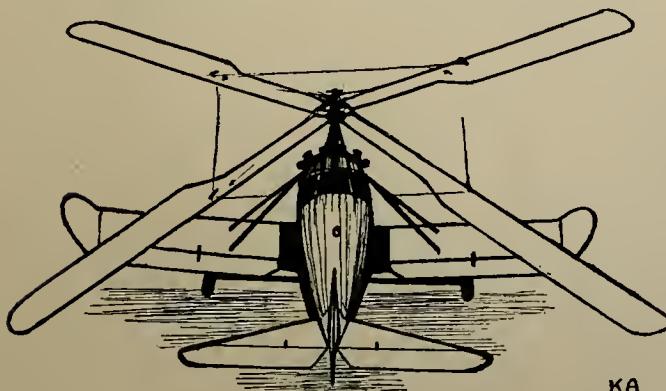


Editor, GORDON MCLEOD, IV B

THE AUTOGIRO

The autogiro has come to the notice of the world in general within the last year. Because of this many persons think it is a recent invention. In fact this is not true; the first flight of the autogiro took place on January 17, 1923, covering a distance of only two hundred yards. Juan de la Cierva, its inventor, had been experimenting along these lines for several years before this initial flight. Extensive experiments continued until the autogiro reached its present state of efficiency. Then it was released to the world.

The autogiro is not an aeroplane, but operates entirely upon the principle of the autogiro. All heavier-than-air craft are supported by some arrangement of wings or surfaces. All have a curve or airfoil which creates a vacuum on the upper surface of the wings. The lift created by this vacuum above the airfoil depends entirely on the speed of the airfoil through the air.



Contrary to the popular idea the rotor blades are not motor driven except when preparing for the take-off. The rotation is caused by wind pres-

sure due to the movement of the autogiro in any direction. On the new models a gear is attached to the motor which starts the blades rotating. When a sufficient number of revolutions per minute have been obtained the gear is released by means of a clutch and the autogiro is ready for the take-off. The autogiro depends upon a propellor for forward motion much in the same way as an aeroplane does.

The small fixed wing of the autogiro is used merely as a support for the ailerons or wing flaps used for banking when turning. The sharply up-tilted wing tips give increased stability.

The wide spread of the autogiro's landing gear is also peculiar to it alone. In some of the first models, which were simply aeroplanes adapted for autogiro use, it was found that when landing, especially at low speeds, sudden gusts of wind were liable to strike the rotor blades with such force that when equipped with a landing gear of average spread it was very likely to upset. This was remedied with a very wide landing gear.

Juan de la Cierva, the inventor of the autogiro, claims that the autogiro is a flying machine which for the man of average health and intelligence is simple, easy, and safe to operate.

Up to date the autogiro has made no tremendous achievements in the way of important flights. Mrs. Amelia Earhart Putnam, of trans-Atlantic fame, was the first person to fly from the Atlantic to the Pacific and return in one of these craft. Later she set a world's autogiro altitude record of

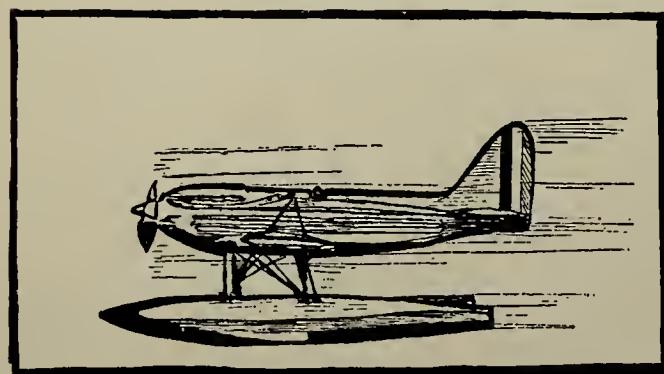
over 18,000 feet in the same ship. Captain Dean flew the "British Consols," the first Canadian-owned autogiro, across Canada and back with the Trans-Canada Air Pageant. A short while ago Captain Dean looped this ship. This was the first time an autogiro had been "stunted." However, its acrobatic possibilities remain to be discovered.

In the future we may expect to see the autogiro in a great many sizes, having a great variety of performances. In America, a five-place cabin ship has already been designed. We shall see the autogiro developed on four lines. First there will be extensive production of small ships for sport and general utility. Then will come cabin ships for aerial taxi work, and its obvious safety for night and blind flying will lead to its adoption on night mail and express lines. Finally when the autogiro has proven its safety, we shall see multi-motored models adopted for passenger transportation. However, time alone will show to what extent this, the greatest rival of the aeroplane, will be used as an accepted mode of transportation by the people of the world who desire safe speed.

—GORDON MCLEOD, IV B.

THE SCHNEIDER CUP RACE

The Schneider Cup Race has a very interesting history. The trophy was first offered by the late Jacques Schneider in 1913 and it was to be the permanent property of the country which won it three times in five consecutive



years. This contest was limited to seaplanes alone. The first race was won in 1913 by the French flyer Prevost at a speed of 145.7 miles per hour. The foremost countries which have been

competing in these races up to the present time have been Italy, United States, France and England. The latter now becomes the possessor of the Schneider Cup, having won it in 1927, 1929 and 1931.

In 1927 it was won by the British Supermarine S-5 at a speed of 281.5 miles per hour. Two years later the Supermarine S-6 carried off the honours for the mother country at 357.7 miles an hour. Piloting his Supermarine S-6B seaplane over a triangular course at 375 miles per hour, he made the trophy the permanent possession of Britain by Flight Lieutenant J. H. Boothman of the British Royal Air Force.

On September 29, Flight-Lieutenant G. H. Stainforth, also of the British Air Force, established a new record of 388 miles an hour. The next day he set a new average speed of 408 miles per hour and also a new world's high speed record of 415 miles per hour. It is noteworthy that he made these records in weather that was considered barely safe for flying, let alone for racing at such a high speed.

It is difficult to realize just how fast 400 miles an hour really is. For instance, given a quarter mile start over a bullet fired from a .45 pistol, the supermarine plane would finish first in a mile race even if the bullet maintained its initial velocity. How fast can man really travel? Present day designers estimate that a speed of 500 miles an hour is quite possible. In eighteen years the speed of aeroplanes has jumped from 45 to 415 miles an hour. It is with keen interest that we await the developments of the next ten years.

—KEITH COATES.

It was necessary for taxation purposes to decide which side of the Canadian and United States border, a farm, which an old lady had purchased, actually lay. Surveyors finally decided that the farm was just on the American side of the border. The old lady smiled with relief.

"I'm so glad to know that," she said. "I've heard that winters in Canada are very severe."



READING, THE DETECTIVE'S ART

By JACK HOLMES, Arts '32, Western U.

HERE are few of us who can feel the flood of exhilaration that Keats asserts he felt when he first looked into Chapman's Homer. All that about "a newplanet" and "a peak in Darien" leaves one rather cold when it refers to Chapman's laborious fourteeners—we might feel much more elation on first looking into Kelly's Virgil. How, we ask, might any man find the vision of new worlds in the colossal task of reading such an epic? But it is just a matter of taste. John Keats could not read the language of Homer, and was rejoiced to discover this 'Open Sesame' to the glory that was Greece. To him there was pure enjoyment to be found in reading of the travels of Odysseus and the siege of Troy; when he found Chapman, he felt very much as we do when that favoured novel returns at last to the Library shelf. And if Edgar Wallace wrote in Greek, most of us would be more than happy to read him in translation, even if those dark deeds were likewise obscured by an occasional Elizabethan archaism.

Literature is really one vast mystery story and the reading of it the endless following of a clue. There is the thrill of suspense, the joy and gratification of discovery, and an inexhaustible store of material. If you are fortunate enough to become a real literary detective, you may sit down in a library for years of research; then after painstaking labour you run across

Shelley's long-lost letters to Harriet, or the name of the man who really killed Marlowe, or find out why Shakespeare went to London. If you are privileged to do something like that—as the great Canadian scholar, Dr. Hotson, has recently done—then you must feel that the work of Scotland Yard is but trifling. What interest can there be in finding out who killed John Doe in 1931, if you are able to discover who murdered Christopher Marlowe in 1593?

But that is a field of literary detective work which, unfortunately, is closed to most of us. It does not mean, however, that we cannot make exciting discoveries for ourselves. If we are not to know how Shelley died, we are allowed to roam the pages of his verse to find, buried in an obscure stanza, some lines which captivate our fancy. The critics and the teachers may tell you that Shelley's finest poem is 'Adonais', but if you hunt, you may run across these lines:

"The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar,
From the sphere of our sorrow."

Perhaps those lines seem to you tender or magnificent; perhaps you are not at all impressed. If you are told to read 'The Pied Piper of Hamelin' and find it dull, do not condemn Browning utterly, but try 'My Last Duchess' or 'Fra Lippo Lippi'. And if you find either of those poems dull, it is because you have read them only once; five times is an absolute minimum

for gaining the slightest idea of what Browning is talking about. Above all, don't be discouraged. One intelligent man read Browning's 'Sordello' and thought he had gone mad; he hadn't the vaguest notion of what it was all about. And according to the dramatist who wrote 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street,' the poet himself forgot what he meant. You see, there is much labour involved, but the rewards come only to those who hunt for them, those who stray from the paths prescribed, and trace their clues in rhyme where their own will and fancy lead them.

BEING AT UNIVERSITY

By LAURENE PATERSON, '35
WESTERN U.

Sounds O.K., doesn't it, and you can rest assured it's every bit as good as it sounds. The tug-of-war, the flag-rush and parade in our annual initiation are matters of envy to every pupil in the city, and you can't imagine how much we enjoy that yearly ducking. Then, too, there are all those nice, if somewhat mysterious things, you hear so much about at South: fraternities, sororities, rugby dances, etc. As far as the fraternities and sororities are concerned, they remain just as much a mystery for several years after your entrance to Western. The secret to this exclusiveness lies in the fact that certain marks and good behaviour are required for admittance, but they are certainly worth a little more effort.

Now, I don't want you to think we have entirely forgotten South. Not at all!

L.S.C.I. is well represented at Western this year. The following are attending:

Mary Axford, Bill Chambers, Lorne Culp, Allan Demanock, Hazel Cole, George Fraser, Isabel Holmes, Betty Holmes, Bob Kemp, Ruth Kester, Mercedes Heal, George McVicar, Katherine Peters, Bill Tighe, Morris Smith, Morris Wolfe, Ed. Fox, Margaret Walker, Morris Shore, Stanley Robinson, Arnold Ross.



FRANK HAMLYN

As a shock to many, and a sadness to all who knew him, came the news of Frank Hamlyn's death.

He came to South Collegiate from Belmont and was in Forms IV B and V A. He planned to try his Honour Matriculation examinations in June, but took sick before they commenced. He had a steady influence to produce a high feeling of "esprit de corps" in our school.

He sang tenor part in the Metropolitan United Church Choir and did so with his accustomed whole-heartedness so that he was beloved by all members of the choir. He was an upright Christian boy and as his reverend cousin said at his funeral: "There is no one today better prepared to meet his Maker than was Frank." He has gone to his reward, and has left us here to keep pace with time.

All his fellow-class-mates and his many other friends outside of the Collegiate appreciate Frank's influence and realize that there is no one to fill his place. We all sympathize very deeply with his family, of whom he was so proud.—WM. M. C.

JACK MacKENZIE

On the morning of October 10th, the fellow-messengers and associates of Jack MacKenzie were greatly shocked and deeply grieved to hear of his sudden death in a motorcycle accident early that morning. When he left London South Collegiate, Jack became an employee of the Canadian National Telegraph four years ago as a messenger. He was well liked by his co-workers and all customers with whom he came in contact, as he generally had a smile and a word for everyone.

We all miss him here and cannot express in words our sympathy for his family where his loss is most keenly felt.

—DONNA GRACEY.

THE FIFTH YEAR ORGANIZATION, 1930-31

Upon the kind invitation of your editor-in-chief, I once again take my pen (or rather my Dad's typewriter) in hand to expound on the whys and wherefores (mainly the wherefores) of our famous (infamous) Fifth Year Organization of 1930-31.

Well, we started out with the sole idea, that, as a group, we wanted to leave something behind us at South. Something not only intangible but tangible. Something, that as the years went by, the memories of The School for us, as ours for her, should not die. Hence we planned and organized and then, for a change organized and planned, that such worthy ideals should not go but to dust and ruin.

Mr. Graham was appointed Honorary President, Miss MacPherson and Mr. Urlin, Honorary Vice-Presidents. They were good enough to co-operate with us in every way. Roland Shannon has the doubtful privilege of holding down the chair as the president. Hazel Cole is vice-president. (Sort of a Shannon for president, Cole for vice, organization). Donald A. Scott (don't forget that A.) is secretary-treasurer, and we

hope that the funds are in good condition. Then there was a permanent executive elected, whose names you won't be interested in, but I'll tell you anyway. As is, Ruth Kester, Marjorie Holland, Frank Love and Ed. Fox.

Then came the real purpose of the group. It was decided that it was desirable that each year we should present to the Upper School student who most nearly conforms with certain regulations that were to be set down, a gold medal. It is impossible to give you in this short space these qualifications in detail, but they will be posted by the executive before the end of the year. Suffice to say that it is not the best athlete, the best scholar, the best orator, etc., that we wanted, but a well-balanced combination of all those qualities which go to make an individual valuable to his school, not as an individual preferably, but as a strong cog in that school's machine. It is a worthy medal, second possibly only to the Honor Tablet, and need not be presented in any one year unless a candidate eligible in the eyes of the deciding committee is available. Let's have some real competition.—ED. FOX.

* * * * *

The ORACLE regrets it has not been able to get news of all of last year's Fifth Year, and hopes that the Fifth Year Organization, so successfully inaugurated last year, may add to its permanent executive a reporter to the ORACLE.

Congratulations of the L.S.C.I. are extended to Frank Love and John McKay on being awarded valuable scholarships in the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. We shall follow their courses with interest, wishing for them the very best of success in their chosen field.

We are indebted to Clare Element for news of the following students:

At the Technical School: John Gordon, Eileen Crellin, Lillian Milner, Florence Faulds, George Foster, Grace Wilson, Irwin Skill, Justin Kuhn, Edna Arnold, Violet Dace, Gerald Ramer; Alex. Kicksee, Marie Madill, Gladys Smith, Vera McCauley, Clare Element.

Ray Getcliffe and Floyd Coleman are in the Huron & Erie.

Jack Carter is working at Sparton Radio.

Harrison Evans is selling life insurance.

Jack Norman is working with the Taylor Drug Co., as is also Bill Caspell. Sam White is travelling for his father.

Fred and Mary Taylor are attending Woodstock C. I.

Roland Shannon and Bill Norfolk are in the city and we trust they sometimes think of the old L.S.C.I.

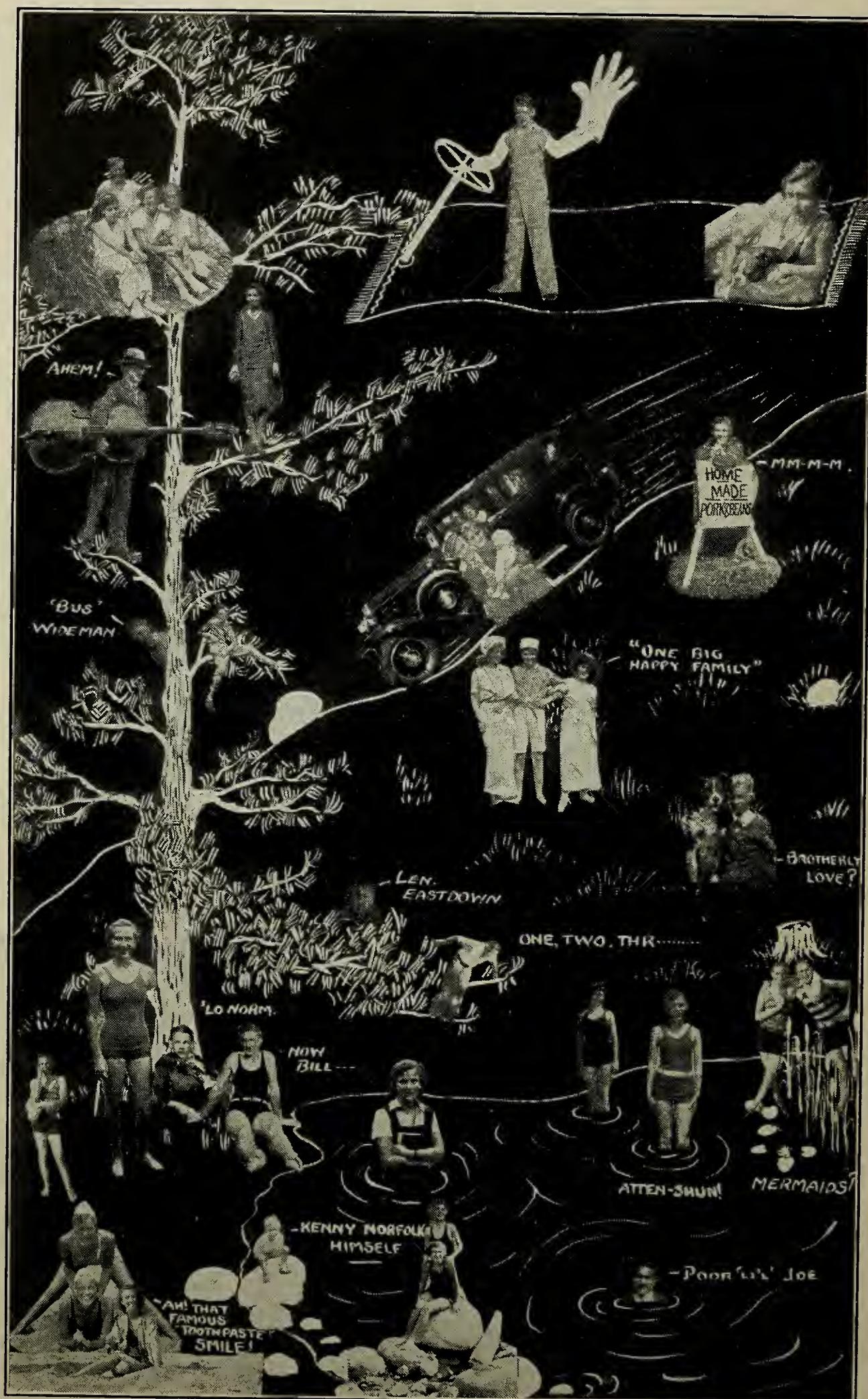
Cliff Bastla, who contributes to this number, is working for the Burroughs Adding Machine Co.

Gordon McMahan is working for the Surnden News Service.

James McMahan is an apprentice at the Standard Drug Co., and Ed. Rose at Strong's.

Among our last year's students now studying at Westervelt we note Don Scott, Ruth Desand, Gardner Slack and Joe McCurdy.

Bob Santo is at the School of Practical Science, Toronto University.



High Lights of South

E.P.

Editor, ELEANOR HALEY, IV A

SOCIAL LIFE AT SOUTH

Social activities at South find expression in many spheres of school life. They enable a student to discover something which interests him, something to which he is especially adapted.

The staging of a play, for example, often brings our remarkable talent which has, perhaps, been quite unknown before.

Our Orchestra and Glee Club, too, call out the more artistic temperament of the student and who knows but this may even interest him in a musical career?

Then the Literary Society and the Public Speaking may develop future speakers who gain confidence in their own ability to interest an audience.

Most important of all, the social life of the school teaches a student to make friends who will become a part of his life on leaving. Here one learns to mix with others, co-operate and above all to be a good sport. This phase is developed to a great extent in our numerous athletic activities.

Sometimes we don't quite realize how much these things outside of school do for us. They break the monotony of every-day classes, lend meaning to school life and give a finer character to the individual, so that it is not all work, but some play.

As for the ORACLE, that certainly is great training and one of the best means of discovering literary and artistic talent.

Each one in South has some special talent which can find an opening where it is appreciated in the many activities of the school. Discover yours and you have found yourself and your work.

E. B. H.

OUR AT HOME

Each year the students and teachers try to make the "At Home" bigger and better than ever. Last year, under the capable management of Mr. Armstrong, it was a tremendous success.

At eight-thirty all the students assembled in the auditorium awaiting the opening programme. Miss Frances Glazier, A.T.C.M., played the piano in her charming manner. Jerry Coppleman, one of South's budding artists, contributed a very pleasing vocal solo, which was followed by a delightful reading by Beth Atcheson. Helen Wilkie showed the audience some of her remarkable dancing, and last but not least was a musical comedy given by two of South's well-known students, Harold Kester and Ed. Fox.

Following this interesting and delightful programme we adjourned to the gymnasium and library.

To our amazement the bare gymnasium had been transformed into a magnificent ballroom, reminding one of a roof-garden of some summer hotel. The walls were decorated with the Union Jack and Canadian flags; the lowered roof and orchestra platform were done in blue and old rose coloured streamers.

For those who did not dance, games were played in the library. Such games as crokinole and checkers were enjoyed by about one hundred students.

When the games and dancing were over, tired but happy students left the school remarking that this had been the best yet.

—IRENE HUNT



DRAMATIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row (left to right)—F. White Mr. Freeman G. Ross
 Centre Row (left to right)— H. Thomas Mr. Jennings.
 Front Row (left to right)—M. Trout Mrs. Carr-Harris J. Watt.

THE HOUSE WITH THE TWISTY WINDOWS

One of the most interesting literary programmes of the year 1931 was embodied in a one-act play called, "The House with the Twisty Windows." It was the story of a band of English people who, while travelling in Russia, had been captured by the revolutionists and put into prison for the purpose of supplying information which it was believed they had.

Harassed by the fear of almost certain death, each individual gave way to his emotions. The vast difference in the reactions of each made the play intensely dramatic.

The title of the play was taken from a fairy tale which ran throughout it and which was symbolic of the state of mind of the one man of the group, who sacrificed his life to save another.

The part of Lady Ponting, who endeavours to keep up the morale of the little group was most capably played by Marjorie Pegg. Betty Holmes did full justice to the character of Anne Sorrell, who contributes much to the

suspense and dramatic action of the plot. Betty Fraser gave a very sympathetic interpretation of the character of Heather Sorrell.

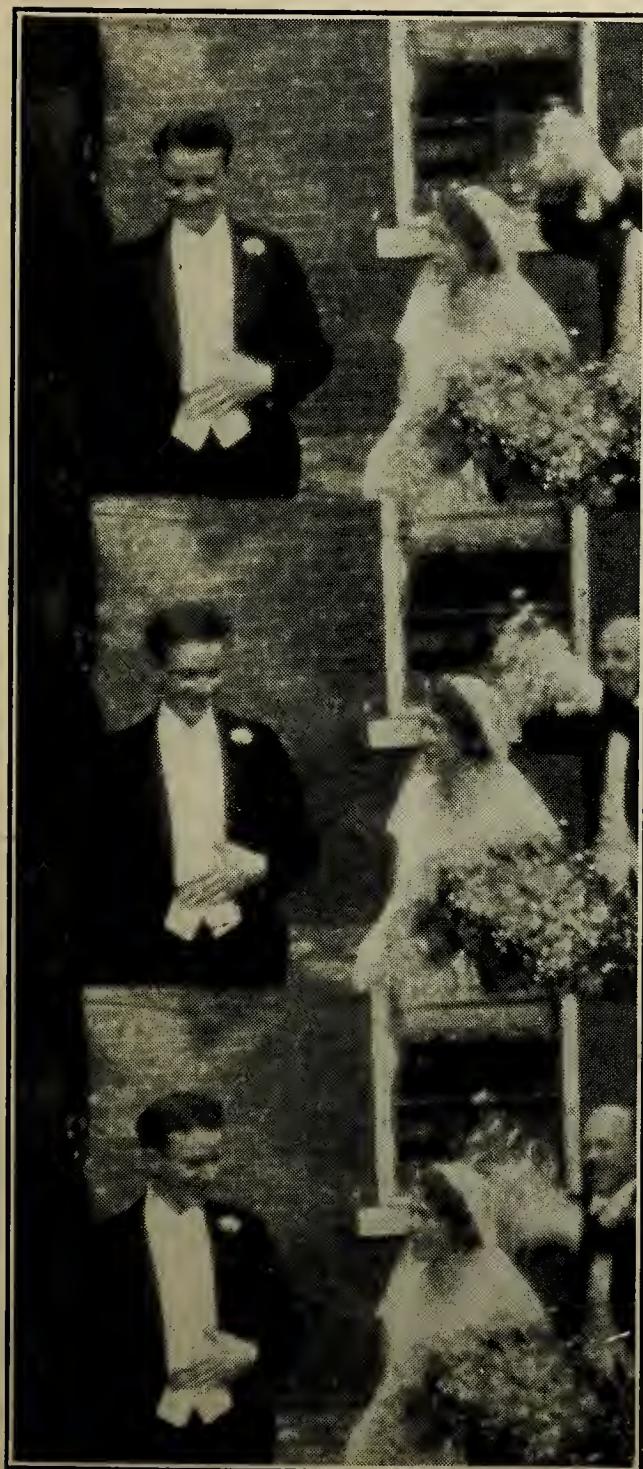
The men of the play provide a series of contrasts. The emotional, highly-strung Charlie Clive, well played by Clifford Ready, is an effective foil for the character of Roper, the lawyer. An excellent portrayal of this shrewd man of affairs was given by George Fraser. Strong, matter-of-fact, without imagination, he forms a striking contrast to the difficult role of Moore, the Irishman (well interpreted by Frank White), whose imaginative character with its sincerity and sympathy, dominates the situation at the close of the play. In the back-ground we find Stepan, the jailor, well taken by Hugh Thomson.

The untiring, patient work of Mrs. Carr-Harris and of the pupils who composed the dramatic personnel, was very greatly appreciated by the students, as was shown by their undivided attention and their tremendous applause.

CONGRATULATIONS

The staff and students of the South Collegiate join in extending their very heartiest congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Freeman, whose wedding was one of the very happy events of last June. Mr. Freeman is now starting his third year as a member of the staff and the great interest which the student body showed concerning his affairs last June proves conclusively that he is very popular with every member.

Once more, then, we join in best wishes for all time to come.



WELCOME TO OUR MIDST

With the opening of the fall term, we are very pleased to receive into the life and activities of our school, two new members of our teaching staff, Miss McRobert and Miss Hilliard.

Miss Helen Hilliard, B.A., was born in the town of Morrisburg on the banks of the noble St. Lawrence. She received her early education there, and graduated with honours from the Morrisburg High School. After this she continued her quest for education at Victoria College, Toronto. While at the University, Miss Hilliard established a brilliant record in her academic work, and won considerable fame as a member of the Varsity Girls' Hockey Team. Although this is Miss Hilliard's first experience in teaching her ability as a teacher in Moderns is very apparent in the classes under her instruction. The responsibility of coaching the First Year Basketball Team constitutes a part of her work and already great things are promised for the future.

About — some years ago on a quiet farm in the township of Caradoc, adjacent to the village of Melbourne lived Miss Jean McRobert. At an early age she entered the Melbourne Public School and continued her studies through the Continuation classes, completing her matriculation at the Strathroy Collegiate. She pursued her course at Western University, specializing in mathematics and physics. The desire to qualify herself thoroughly for educational purposes, led her to take an extra year at Toronto University, where she achieved distinction in her studies in pure mathematics, graduating with an M.A. degree and being awarded the gold medal.

One year later Miss McRobert was engaged as a mathematical teacher in Blenheim High School, where she remained for two years. Apart from the academic work Miss McRobert has always shown a great interest in the social life of the school. Already she has won for herself a permanent place in the respect and confidence of the staff and students.

—EVELINA THOMPSON, IV A.

THE FIFTH YEAR BANQUET

By CLIFF BASTLA

Each year the crop of successful or unsuccessful students are sent off by an annual banquet. On this occasion they are given a few bits of good advice regarding the future and the facing of the wide, vast and unknown world into which they are thrust to wend their weary way to the end.

A large class attended the banquet but we are sorry to say that not all who were present graduated. This fact, however, was unknown at the time; it did not, therefore, deduct from the pleasure of any guest.

The date was May 15th, 1931, the time 6:30, and the place, the cafeteria of the South Collegiate. Tables had been decorated by the feminine members of the class in a right feminine manner. The food tasted great, if one may be allowed to express it that way, in spite of the fact that dark rumours ran amongst the young men that the fair sex had helped in its preparation. This latter fact did not prevent the forming of many ingenious tricks to obtain two slices of pie and ice cream right under the noses of our fourth year waitresses.

After a song or two led by Mr. Byles the time for the horror of horrors arrived, the after-dinner speeches. But to our joy we found that these were to be very entertaining as well as interesting, containing a message for each of us.

The speakers were Miss Macpherson, Hazel Cole, Mr. Graham, Mr. Urlin, Mr. Roland Shannon, and last but not least Mr. Edward Fox. Miss Macpherson's and Mr. Urlin's short speeches dealt with our school life in regard to the staff, our attitude and general progress. Those of Hazel Cole and Roland Shannon took the student's side of the question.

Eddie Fox was the Valedictorian of the evening; his oration dwelt on our past, present and future. In the course of his speech he pointed out that in first year we excelled in the use of rubber elastics and spit balls, that in second year we progressed to the use of a much more dangerous weapon, the loaded fountain pen, and in third year,

well, believe it or not, we were using gas attacks on our enemies. The gas was produced by carbide and ink, mixed together in an inkwell. Fourth year was our turning-point where we began to settle down and take things more seriously. Fifth year, well, we were too good to be true.

Eddie's speech was one of his best, not only in its content but also in the emphatic, realistic manner in which he brought out point by point.

Not having to help with the dishes, we adjourned to the gymnasium where an orchestra provided music for those who wished to dance. Card tables and ping-pong tables were set up for the rest. Added entertainment was given by Mr. Byles, who sang, and by Mr. Jennings who gave two recitations.



YOUTH

*Joyce Stauffer
20*

*On the threshold of Life you stand,
The world is yours to command.
The dew of youth is upon your brow,
The time to achieve is the wonderful Now.*

*In step with progress of highest endeavor
Doubt and fear will assail you never.
Love, purity, justice and truth
Bless you and keep you in the days of your
Youth. — Mary Mace Underwood.*

BOYS' NIGHT

Again the boys proved themselves equal to almost anything. Encouraged by the success of their "Stunt Night" the year previous, they again displayed their talent and spirit before the public in an admirable way. Without the help of the ladies, many of the boys gave their best in two full evenings of entertainment.

The main event of the evening was an act given by one of our alumni, Melbourne Taylor, an excellent illusionist. Under the leadership of Frank Love, the Minstrel Show proved to be the spice of the programme. The School Band and gymnastics created a great deal of interest. On two pianos, Bill Chambers and George Fraser, the piano wizards of South, played a thrilling duet. Jerry Coppleman favoured us with two splendid vocal solos.

Much praise has been given to those who appeared on our platform during our concert. Little attention, however, is shown the real workers who remained behind the scenes. Mr. Ireland was the base on which the whole of the responsibility rested. Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Freeman undertook the work of coaching the boys in their acrobatic presentations. Mr. Freeman is also an expert in the art of facial make-up and spent a great deal of his time on this branch of work adding invaluable to the appearance and colour of our cast.

—ORIAN ORCHARD

A THANK YOU

With the aid of Mrs. Carr-Harris, the Literary Executive was able to obtain Professor Milne from the University of Western Ontario for one of the Literary Society programmes last year. It was a privilege which we did not underestimate, after hearing him read to us, in his own inimitable manner that highly amusing play of J. M. Barrie's "Alice, Sit by the Fire." The vivid way in which Professor Milne impressed the story upon our memories will not soon be forgotten.

—NORA McEWING, IV C.

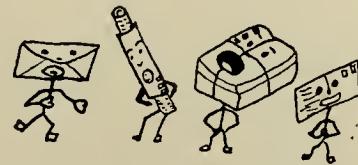
MISS MCFARLANE to history class:
"The Iroquois massacred, tortured and finally killed the Jesuit missionaries."

AN APPRECIATION

It would indeed be ungrateful, if we allowed the ORACLE to go to press without mentioning the improvements to the approach of our South Collegiate. The activity and interest shown by the Parents' Association, and other agencies in this beautification plan, merits the warmest thanks of every student. We can each do our part by "watching our steps" to help make our grounds, "a thing of beauty, and a joy forever."

Well-kept lawns and gardens inspire us to emulate nature in the conduct of our personal lives. If we maintain our ideal at a high standard, it naturally follows, that it will be reflected throughout our entire life. Every student is grateful, and we can best show our gratitude by protecting and assisting in carrying through to completion the splendid work, which has been started.

—EVELINA THOMPSON, IV A.



A Mail Quartette

OUR CHEER LEADERS

The student body as a whole wishes to thank this year's Cheer Leaders for their hard work in trying to make our cheering a success.

This season there were two groups composed of three boys each. Kirk Bell, Johnny Lofft and Charlie Hancock made up one group, while Jack Crone, Don Baldwin and Gordon Hotham were the second group.

Jack Crone reports to the ORACLE that it's quite a job getting the kids (students, boys and girls) to yell, especially when the weather is chilly.

But don't let this discourage future cheer leaders; we really do appreciate their frantic waving of arms and they certainly added a great deal to the success of our rugby games.

Just a suggestion—Why not have some girl cheer-leaders in nineteen thirty-two?

Dear Readers:

This is school news! The ORACLE has secured what the newspapers call a "scoop" in obtaining the celebrated Professor I. M. A. Snoope, A.B. Cd. to write a series of short articles for our magazine. After much research in the South Collegiate he has assembled these important questions of the day; perhaps you have noticed him in the halls. May we present for the approval of our ORACLE readers:—



Vital Statistics of the Day

By PROFESSOR I. SNOOPE

Do you know, boys and girls, if each minute wasted in the auditorium by your commotion were multiplied by six hundred and twenty it would amount to ten hours, twenty minutes and three seconds precisely; that if all the paper used in the manufacture of artillery by the first year was collected it would amount to fifty-five pounds, eleven ounces; that incidentally ten small step ladders have been purchased for these young ones but twenty more are needed immediately?

Do you know that if all the mud tracked into the school during the year was gathered it would resemble the South Rugby field after a rain?

Do you know that if Mr. Dinsmore would continue his cheer leading exercises in the auditorium you would notice a decided difference in your teacher?

These, boys and girls are a few of the general statistics which I know will be of great value to you throughout the coming year and to which you can refer from time to time.

MIXED

It was a literary meeting and the "guest speaker" was addressing the students:

"Boys and girls," he said, "the school work is the bullhouse of civilization; that is to say—"

Here he became slightly chilled. "The bullhouse is the schoolwork of civ—"

The boys smiled.

"The workhouse is the bullschool of—I mean, of course, the schoolbull is the housework—"

The smiles by this time had become broad grins.

"The scowschool—"

He was now getting wild and so were his hearers. He mopped his brow, gritted his teeth and made a fresh start.

"The school house, my lads."

A sigh of relief went up. Ah! Now he had got control of himself once more. He gazed serenely around, the light of triumphant self-confidence was in his eye:

—"is the wullbark."

And that was all.

THE "ORACLE" PARTY

It was indeed a pleasure for all those who had worked so hard last year in making our ORACLE a success, to get together and enjoy a social evening in March. Fifteen students selling the most number of ORACLES, as well as the form selling the most magazines were invited to join in the fun.

During the first part of the evening our Editor-in-Chief, Bill Norfolk, and the Cartoon Editor, proved themselves very accomplished magicians by entertaining us with sleight-of-hand tricks. Some of the industrious girls on the staff attempted Carroll Balfour's version of "The Highwayman." The rest of the evening was spent in games and dancing. Later, refreshments were served in the cafeteria where Miss McCamus and Mr. Urlin were the chief speakers.

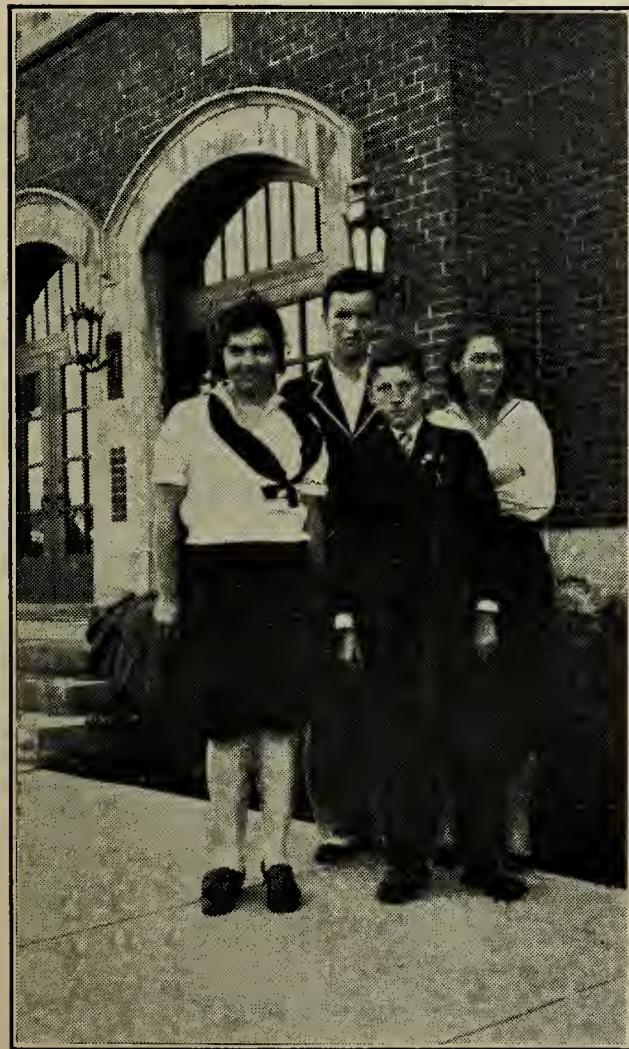
Let's see a larger percentage of the school at our ORACLE Party this year.

—MARJORIE LISTER.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST OF 1931

It is not the aim of our Wossa programme of public speaking to stimulate a grand, eloquent, highly rhetorical style of speaking, but rather to train the student to stand on his own two feet if need arise, to speak naturally and clearly, and to say what he has to say in a concise, English manner.

South has produced many outstanding speakers in her few years, and no mean share of the credit of this is owing to our English staff. By their sympathy and understanding they have helped immeasurably every student who has been so fortunate as to come under their tutelage.



The junior girls' medal presented by the Wortley Road Mothers' Club was awarded last year to Mary Geiger, who spoke on "Our Debt to Ancient Europe." In the senior girls' contest, Eleanor Haley, speaking on "Russia Under Soviet Government," was successful and was presented with the

Santo Medal, by Dr. Santo. Pierce Hutcheson spoke on a thoroughly Canadian subject: "The Capture of Quebec," and received the Tecumseh Mothers' Club Medal for junior competition. Mr. Wendell Holmes presented his medal to Frank White who spoke on "The Future of Canada."

—FRANK WHITE.

SOUTH REACHES NEW ART STANDARDS

The South Collegiate Art exhibit at the Western Fair brought this year not only honour to the L.S.C.I. but also to the students participating in this line of work. South was successful in capturing nine prizes. Of these two were granted to Mary Haring, a second year student who has gone to the Technical School to continue her studies in Art. Her prizes were a second and third. Edith Phillips was successful in obtaining a first and third prize. Jean Watt a second, while Margaret Gidley and Laura Screamton each received a third. Norman Finch of third year was outstanding in capturing two firsts, one given for a very fine drawing of the South Crest. The school as a whole can well be proud of its venture into the field of Art at the Exhibition and its success in competition.—DORIS DORLAND, IV A.

Dear Readers:

The ORACLE hopes you enjoyed the first article by Professor Snoop as he laid the astounding facts of South before you. This next article is of a scientific nature but is presented to the students in the Professor's customary simple style so that even the dullest may grasp these important facts.

Why Are We and How

By PROFESSOR I. SNOOPE

Is it not wonderful, my little friends, to think that we are human beings. It fills me with great pride to pronounce these words. Down through the epochs we have continued to bring knowledge to the world. We are beings and I hope sincerely that we are human. Always be kind to dumb animals and you will receive your reward in the end.

To answer the second question, my readers, I must delve deeper.

LITERARY SOCIETY EXECUTIVE



Back Row (left to right)—W. Ramer, H. Westland, R. McCallum, R. Gole, J. Chapman.
 Middle Row (left to right)—I. Cole, V. Clark, Miss Gorwill, Mr. Wannacott, Miss MacRobert, N. Santo, L. Screamton.
 Front Row (left to right)—Mr. Graham, A. Harley, M. Lister, G. Hamlyn, N. Farrow, Mr. Urlin.

The President of the Literary has a Word with the School

The primary purpose of the Literary Society is to provide special opportunity for students to develop along the lines of literary, musical and dramatic production and to encourage especially debating, public speaking—in short, to act as a helpful stimulus to the student of English throughout the School.

Last year was a record year and one to be put down in history as a notable success. What else could be expected under the capable leadership of Rowland Shannon? He was always prepared to rise to any occasion and filled his office as president of our society very successfully.

This year with Grace Hamlyn at the head of our Programme Committee, we are assured of some splendid meetings. We hope to further interest in dramatics by putting on several plays during the winter term. This is being made possible by our newly organized Dram-

atic Club under the leadership of Mr. Jennings, Mrs. Carr-Harris and Mr. Freeman. I know we are going to receive some real treats along this line.

Our "At Home," the main social function during the year, promises to be another raging success under the capable convenership of Mr. Armstrong. Each year he and his committee spare nothing of time, effort or expense to make this party most enjoyable for you. You'll have lots of fun; so come prepared for anything and everything.

How do you like our orchestra this year? It's pretty fine, isn't it? And before the year is over it promises to give us much enjoyment. In this branch of the Literary Society we have the easy side of it. We just pay expenses and let Mr. Byles do the rest. Speaking of music—have you heard our new radio? It was installed recently and is proving very enjoyable.

As you read the pages of this book do you ever think that this is just

another branch under the Literary Society? Of course, we don't do the work. We leave that to Miss McCamus and her staff, and don't they do it well?

As President of the Literary Society, I hope you will enjoy this year at South just a little more because of the programmes of activities arranged by the Literary Society. You have given me a very willing and efficient executive and under the helpful advice of Mr. Urlin, this year ought to be a great success.

—MARJORIE LISTER.

MY LIFE AND WORKS

By PROFESSOR I. M. A. SNOOPE, A.B.Cd.

I was born and grew up, little readers. Always brilliant, even in my early youth I started to school at the age of five years and was much loved by my teachers as being a gentle little lad. I graduated from the London South Collegiate at the early age of twenty-seven and continued my astounding career at the University of Northern Ontario. Here I obtained my degrees and decided to settle down. I married my wife and it is to her I owe a part of my success, a small part certainly, for it was she who obtained my position in the university for me.

Now, as I sit with my feet on the desk, reading a book of the undeciphered Cretan language and look back over my life, I ponder on the originality of it all.

It thrills me, boys and girls, in its unique and interesting character, though, of course, I say this in all modesty, not wishing, as the poet says "to mention my praises out loud."

DOES COURAGE KNOW NO IGNORABLE DEFEAT

A debatable and serious question this of modern day and age. In less complicated terms: Can courage receive a dishonourable defeat? Personally, I think not, because if one plays a game with every possible ounce of his energy, and in the end is beaten, he should not feel ashamed or disgraced. On the other hand he should feel somewhat pleased with himself. The South vs. Woodstock games may be taken as an example of this.

There is also another question worth mentioning. What does the score of a game really mean? It is true that the score of a game means something, but a person who plays his best, plays fairly and in the end finds the score of the opponent larger, has by no means been defeated. On the contrary the loser by score may be the victor in many other ways. The loser has had the pleasure, if not honour, of playing someone his superior. Thus it gives him something to work for and also a chance to improve his style of play.

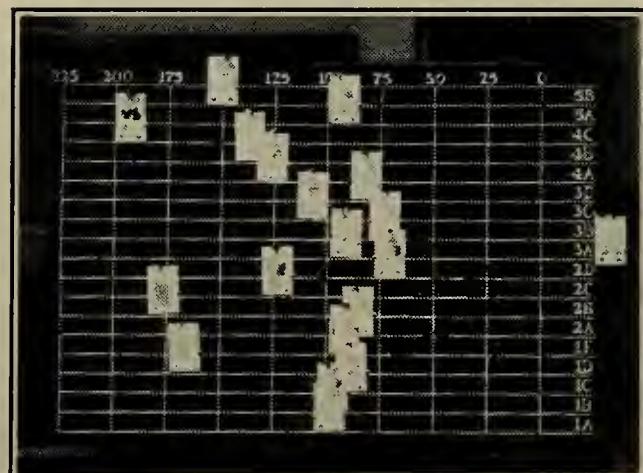
Games should not be taken in a way so seriously, that if a team loses they immediately blame the referee, umpire, or each other. This is a sign of narrow-mindedness and of very poor sportsmanship. The followers of a team would far rather support a team that is a Kaye Don loser than a Gar Wood winner.

Courage in all things is most essential to life. It is courage that is most strongly stressed in South Collegiate, for it has been in such a way that the tradition of the school has been upheld. South has a reminder: *Virtus repulsae nescia sordidae*—its motto.

South has a guide—great teams who are now playing in the real game of life; South has an ambition "to play the game with our courage high."

—DORIS BLACKALL, IV B.

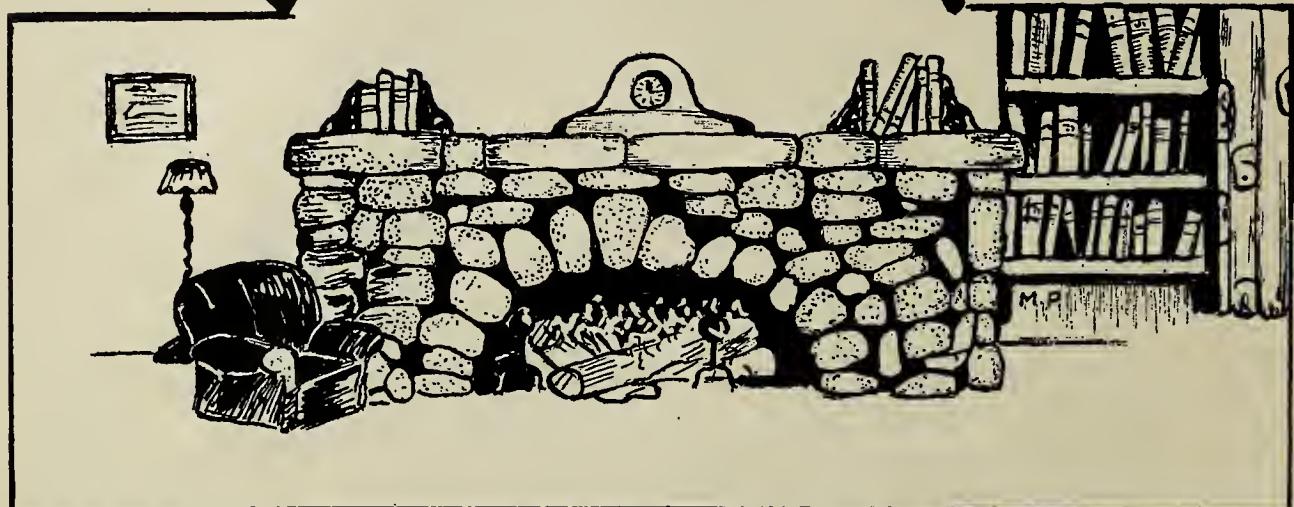
The lives of gunmen are uncertain.
Here today and gun tomorrow.



ORACLE CIRCULATION POSTER

Each form is represented by a runner doing the 225 yard dash. IV C and II B passed the tape.

BY THE OPEN FIRE



Editor, BETTY PORTER, IV C

THE ROAD. By Warwick Deeping.

The world of readers, who were thrilled by Warwick Deeping's "Sorrel and Son" will find an even deeper and finer conception of life's joys and sorrows in "The Road," by that same author. The story he tells vividly contrasts the old and the new, visualizing this ever-changing world, through the clear and honest eyes of youth.

It tells of Rachael Buck, whose idea of life was a time for speed and jazz—of Nicholas Bonthorn, who wanted only peace and beauty. But Rachael, on one of her characteristic escapades, was thrown from a motor-cycle and her back was broken. Months of lying flat on a bed taught her that life as she had lived it was useless and she learned to value sacred things. The great understanding of Bonthorn, during this revolution in her life, drew her from the depths of despair to an exalted peace.

The mother-love of "Mrs. Binnie" shines through every page, and her great, unselfish soul in her small, capable body gives the story such powerful pathos and drama that no one could fail to be moved by it.

The never-failing care of "Mrs. Binnie" eventually enabled Rachael Buck to walk once more, and Bonthorn's unceasing love for her, which he had denied so long, was satisfied.

It is a story full of contrast: comedy,

tragedy, happiness and sorrow, and in the end—peace and joy.

—NORA McEWING, IV C.

WHITE WINDS OF DAWN. By Frances Beatrice Taylor.

It is with pride that we present a beautiful collection of verse written by a gifted Londoner. "White Winds of Dawn" leaves with the reader a sense of the feeling of the light in which Beatrice Taylor looks upon the world. She has that inimitable power of being able to express her thoughts clearly. "The Fruit Vendor," for example, paints the picture of a fruit man calling his wares, up and down the streets. The pomegranates, peaches, cherries and melons are described in such a way that the reader can see them with the writer. As the scene moves he can hear the birds singing and the flutes calling.

Most of the poems in this collection refer, at one point or another, to the serious side of life. A good example of this is "Triumph." The poems all have a rhythm suitable to their nature. One feels the movement in such lines as: "Then mocking back along the wind The children's voices drift behind."

The last poem, "Immortality," is very fitting for the conclusion of the book.
 "This is the end. The mystery men
 called death
 That bids us but a little journeying

And there is life again. So these have passed,
These we have loved, beyond our ken a space,
Wearing still the untarnished armour of their youth,
But shod with holier lustre at the last,
Their young souls leaped across a darkening world,
As splendid swords unsheathed. They do but wait;
One step along the winding of the road
To make sweet jest upon our tardiness.
I have looked on death and am no more afraid."

—JOAN BREAKESPEARE, II B.



THE GLORIOUS ADVENTURE. By Richard Halliburton.

Have you read "The Glorious Adventure" by Mr. Richard Halliburton? You will find it in our own library. This young author has written many stories of his travels, all good reading but this one is especially fascinating.

The writer tells, in his own delightful style, of a trip through ancient Greece and the eastern Mediterranean Sea. Every noted historic place is visited. Halliburton and a friend climb Mount Olympus, go to the Delphic Oracle, run from Marathon to Athens and swim the Hellespont. Then Ulysses' route

from Carthage, on the west, to Troy on the east, is followed.

The author's enthusiasm and appreciation for everything he sees and does are conveyed to the reader in a humorous and original manner. The book is thoroughly interesting and entertaining from beginning to end. It is indeed a "Glorious Adventure."

"Come, my friends

'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose
holds

To sail beyond the sunset . . till I die . .
To strive, to seek, to find and not
to yield."

—GRACE HAMLYN, V B

IN SEARCH OF SCOTLAND. By H. V. Morton.

This book appeals to the average reader as a description of that lovely land, Scotland, with its lochs and heather-covered hills. However, it is particularly interesting to people with adventurous spirits or a Scottish ancestry. The splendid illustrations are a noteworthy feature.

The author leaves London, in search of Scotland. His description of his visit to the home of Sir Walter Scott, the famous Scottish novelist, is very vivid. Of the four abbeys discussed—Kelso, Jedburgh, Melrose and Dryburgh. Morton considered that the latter, situated in the loop of the River Tweed, is the most beautiful.

The author tells of his impression of the important cities. No visitor to Aberdeen should miss the fish market. While he was there, Morton witnessed a most mysterious commercial transaction. The auctioneer appeared with his small books, buyers follow, but there is no shouting or gestulation. It is not an auction in Aberdeen, but a secret society. Soon, all the fish had disappeared and the following morning, in London, tons of the fish were eaten for breakfast.

Before leaving Scotland, he stands in the old clay cottage near Ayr, where in 1759 Burns, the most attractive and pathetic figure of Scotland, was born.

This book is another great success for Morton.

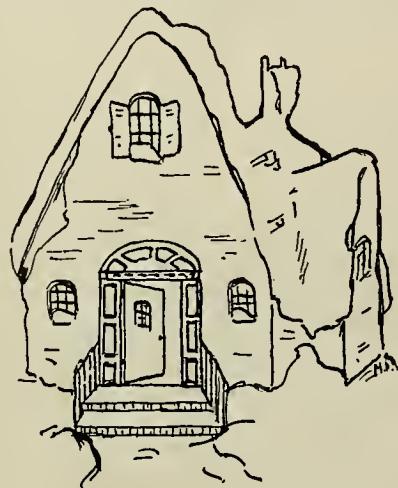
—CONSTANCE NEAL, V A.

OPEN HOUSE. Graphic Publishers.

"Open House" is a book of collected articles contributed by the various members of the "Writers' Club." It deals in an inimitable way with affairs of Canadians and most articles are of common interest.

Charles G. D. Roberts in his "Note on Modernism" voices his opinions on modern arts. He, in his own convincing manner, proves that modernism is really an insidious repetition.

Modernism does not come so easily from the clear skies, but is a reaction of the people based upon the works and the improvements of past generations.



In the "Vice of Victory," Edward Chesley, who died last summer, tells of the folly of war. The sight of our Government, as it is ruled by old men who have lost the hope of youth annoys him. He rightly blames war for killing of the future of our country. He asserts that by winning the war we have lost the prize. The prize, in his estimation, represents the men and minds that constitute a thriving nation. The article is signed "An Unknown Soldier," as Chesley wished to direct attention toward the great body of ex-soldiers rather than to himself.

In my opinion John McColloch's "Monstrosities of the Movies" is one of the most striking articles in the book. He denounces emphatically Hollywood movies which tend to lessen our belief in conventions. He claims that such pictures, along with "Canned Music," are devastating to the minds of the movie patrons and should therefore be universally condemned.

To the student of current discussions "Open House" will prove invaluable.

—TRAVERS FOX, IV C.

THOSE WHOM WE DELIGHT
TO HONOUR

Three more names have just been added with due ceremony and rejoicing to the Honour Tablet in our school. The claims of Lois Gidley and Marion McMurtry to this high honour were most effectively presented by Miss MacFarlane, while Mr. Dinsmore brought forward the name of Donald Rivers.

Miss MacFarlane said that Marion and Lois had been so closely associated in her mind that to think of the one was to remember the other. Accordingly the two names were dealt with together. After briefly sketching the school career of each and showing them to have been deeply interested in every branch of student activity, academic, social and athletic, Miss MacFarlane went on to give the praise that no one but herself could give to the two who had contributed so largely to the fame of the senior girls' basketball team during the last few years. Not alone did they play with unusual finish and brilliancy, but they served to bind together the whole team and actually to help to produce good players. In perpetuating their names among us in this way we are only symbolizing the strength of their influence still in their old school.

Mr. Dinsmore spoke in a convincing manner of the eligibility of Donald Rivers for the highest honour in the gift of the school. His courtesy, his alert and eager spirit of unselfishness, his unusual versatility of talent and his quite exceptional athletic achievement all combined to make him the unanimous choice of the staff for this distinguished reward. Mr. Dinsmore enumerated the various occasions on which Don Rivers carried the garnet and grey to victory—a history which perhaps could not be equalled in this province. In 1929, Don made the hundred yard dash in 9 4/5 seconds. The school is delighted to see this name added to the list of those whom it holds in honour. Mr. Rivers replied on behalf of Miss Gidley, Miss McMurtry and himself, thanking the school for the honour and extending best wishes for its continued success.

EXCHANGE

Editor, JOHN SHERLOCK, IV B

This year the task of the exchange editors has been exceptionally interesting. We have taken a great deal of pleasure in reading the collegiate magazines that have come to us in our exchange with schools far and near. The editors of succeeding years will find it difficult, we feel sure, to improve on some of these sections. Some parts however appear to be lacking in material. But let us think of this only as offering an opportunity for future editors to raise the standard. After reading each magazine we feel as if we had visited the collegiate from which it came, caught glimpses of the different school activities and met the best known students of the sport and school life.

All of the books are distinctive in at least one section in which it seems they have specialized, and all show that originality which the magazine editors are trying to bring out with decided success.

There are a few books that are specially to be praised for the merit of their articles as well as for the completeness of their material. There are other magazines that have one or two better sections, but they do not average up as well in general. The following magazines, we feel, are the best in our exchange. The "*L.C.C.I. Review*," London Central Collegiate Institute; "*The Lantern*," Sir Adam Beck Collegiate, London; "*Lux Glebana*," Glebe Collegiate Institute, Ottawa; "*Acta Nostra*," Guelph Collegiate Vocational Institute; "*The Collegiate*," Sarnia Collegiate Institute and Technical School, and "*The Magnet*" Jarvis Collegiate Institute.

Some of the magazines should be commended for their neatness and the arrangement of their sections. Most of the books mentioned above have this feature, but a few show particular cleverness in arrangement of their sections. These books are "*Lux Glebana*," Ottawa; "*Acta Studentum*," Vaughan Road College, Toronto; "*The Carillon*," Ottawa Technical School; "*The Voyageur*" Pickering College, Newmarket; "*The Hermes*," Saskatoon, Sask.

The Literary Sections in our exchange magazines are improving immensely. This department in most cases is the feature of the magazine and it can be seen that great care has been taken both by the students writing the short stories and articles and by the editorial staff selecting them. In a number of schools, prizes had been offered for the best stories and articles, and it is quite apparent that the judges had a difficult task in selecting the winners. The "*Lux Glebana*," Ottawa; the "*Collegiate*," Sarnia, and the "*Acta Nostra*," Guelph, share honours for the best literary sections in our exchange. "*The Parkdalian*," Parkdale Collegiate Institute; "*Acta Ludi*," Oshawa; "*The Grumbler*," Kitchener and Waterloo Collegiate; "*The Tecalogue*," London Technical School, "*The Vulcan*," Central Technical School, and "*The Hermes*," Saskatoon Collegiate Institute, should also be congratulated on this section as well as "*The Scarboro Bluff*," Scarboro, which had very good articles.

Nearly all the magazines have humour sections but there are only three books in our exchange which had really amusing and original jokes. Deplorable, isn't it? The lonely three are the "*Acta Ludi*," Oshawa; "*Lux Glebana*," Ottawa, and the "*Argosy of Commerce*," Ottawa High School of Commerce.

Most of the magazines have cartoons and illustrations which they use to great advantage. All have illustrated headings for the different departments which were effective and showed originality. These books with the best art are: "*L.C.C.I. Review*," London; "*The Vulcan*," Toronto, and the "*Acta Nostra*," Guelph. Also "*The Times*," Kingston Collegiate Institute; "*Lux Glebana*," Ottawa; "*Acta Studentum*," Toronto; "*The Hermes*," Saskatoon; and "*The Lantern*," London.

Along with the art of the different school magazines might be taken the cover design. "The Carillon," Ottawa, has adopted a new type of paper for their cover which we like. The "L.C.C.I. Review," London; the "Acta Nostra," Guelph, and "The Vulcan," Toronto, likewise have excellent covers showing originality in design.

The Sports have an important section in the magazines. This department is always well edited in all the magazines, but "The Cranleighan," Cranleigh School, Guildford, Surrey; "The Echoes," Peterboro Collegiate and Vocational Institute; the "Vox Studentum," Port Arthur Collegiate Institute; "The Collegiate," Sarnia; "The Twig," University of Toronto Schools, have neater arrangements of the different events and give a more vivid description of the games.

A number of the schools have started a camera club and in order to stimulate an interest in the activities of this club have given it a section in their magazine. The "Acta Nostra," Guelph, and "The Times," Kingston Collegiate Institute, have excellent snaps taken in Europe. The "Acta Ludi," Oshawa; and "Lux Glebana," Ottawa, have fairly good shots as well as "The Twig," which has some action photographs. "The Magnet" spoke of taking moving pictures of their rugby games; we should like to see sections of the films reproduced in your department next time.

The "Tell-U-All," Waterford High School, is to be congratulated on its first edition. We suggest having clearer photographs. "The Volt," Ingersoli Collegiate Institute, has a very complete magazine. We hope they will get their wish for a new school. The "Collegian," Stratford Collegiate Institute, covers in its scope a wide range of school interests. We are also glad to exchange with "The Snapshot" and "Stillwater Arrow," both excellent school papers.

ORACLE BUSINESS

Realizing that the depression is felt not only by the seller of merchandise but also by the publisher of any magazine, we are very gratified that the advertising space sold this year in the ORACLE is only a small amount under that of other years.

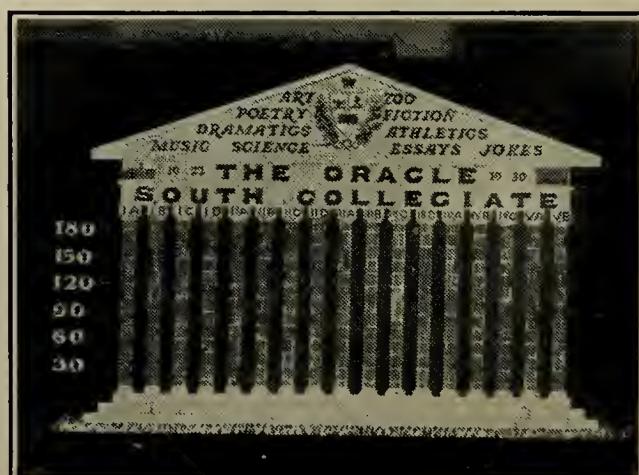
At the sixth annual High School Editors' Convention, held in Toronto in November, under the auspices of the Sigma Phi Women's Journalistic Fraternity, South was represented by Miss McCamus, the editor, and the business manager of the ORACLE. At this convention, the point was brought up how to show the merchant that his advertising in a school magazine was to his advantage. So this year the ORACLE is trying an experiment. Two slips of paper are given the student on request, which say that he or she saw the merchant's advertisement in the ORACLE. One of these is given to the merchant, after being signed by the student, while the other is signed by the merchant; then given back to the student, who in turn signs it and hands it in to the school. In this way next year's Business Staff will be helped considerably in proving to the merchant

that his advertisements are working for him. Therefore, when you purchase an article from an ORACLE advertiser, please use these slips and help both the ORACLE and the advertiser.

I want to thank the business staff for the fine work they have done this year and also the student body for its help.

—D. M. CLARK.

Poster For Circulation Campaign Each Form builds a pillar in the Oracle Temple



1931 Circulation, 3,200

Das Abenteuerliche Leben Der Biene



Redacteur, Fraülein CARROLL BALFOUR
Lehrerin Redacteur Fraülein MACPHERSON

Die kleine Maja erwachte zum Leben, als die Bienen unter sich schlagen. Kassandra, eine ältere Bienendame, sagte eines Tages. "Du bist die nase-weise Biene, die ich gelehrt habe. Sei höflich gegen alle Insekten und du wirst mehr lernen." Auf ihrem ersten Flug entschied Maja sich, dasz sie nie zu dem Stocke zurückgehen würde, um Wachs zu machem, weil die Welt so herrlich war. Sie wollte auch Men-

schen zu begegnen. Maja flog so schnell dasz sie sehr müde wurde. Sie schlief ein; als sie erwachte, war es dunkel, aber sie erschrak nicht, weil Kassandra ihr gesagt hatte, dasz die Sonne immer wieder kommen werde



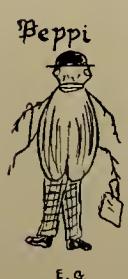
Den nächsten Tag begegnete sie einem Käfer, Peppi Rosenhaus, der sehr freundlich gegen sie war, aber sie vergasz nach dem Menschen zu fragen. Aber vielleicht würde sie heute noch selbst einem Menschen begegnen. Sie flog über schöne Garten weiter bis sie plötzlich den blauen Himmel unter sich sah. Zuerst erschrak sie, aber, als sie die schöne goldene Farbe ihres Körpers im Wasser scheinen sah, erkannte sie, dasz es ein See war. Sie wählte ein Blatt der Seerosen worauf zu ruhen aber bald kam ein Brummer zu ihr. Er sagte. "Was wollen Sie hier auf mein-

em Blatt?" Endlich liesz er sie darauf bleiben. Dann kam eine Libelle, Schnuck, entlang, die den armen Brummer ergriff und ihm den Kopf abbisz. Zuerst war Maja erschrocken aber er begann ihr von dem Menschen zu erzählen.

"Mein Bruder wurde in ein Netz von einem Knaben gefangen und wurde in seine Tasche gesteckt. Später warf der Knabe meinen Bruder fort und er starb." Zuletzt sagte die Libelle, "Leben Sie wohl," und flog singend fort. Des Morgens regnete es und Maja hatte dann Heimweh. Aber während des Tages machte sie die Bekanntschaft von dem Käfer, Kurt, und der Grille, Iffi, die verschwanden, als ein Vogel vorüber flog.

Den nächsten Tag waren alle die Insekten sehr glücklich, weil es ein schöner Tag war. Sie wollte einem Menschen begegnen aber sie begegnet einem Grashüpfer, der dachte, dasz er sehr klug war. Sie hatte nie früher einen gesehen. Er sagte, dasz sie eine Wespe sei. Dann wurde sie sehr böse und sie freute sich sehr, als er sie verliesz.

Einst, als sie ruhte, summte es neben ihr; eine Stu-





benfliege namens Puck setzte sich auf ihr Blatt nieder. Als Puck unhöflich wurde, stach Maja sie. Puck schrie und endlich liesz Maja sie los. Puck erzählte ihr von einem alten Menschen

auf dessen Stirn sie gern sitzt. Später flog die kleine Maja in den Sonnenschein fort, weil sie hungrig war. Sie konnte nicht glauben, was Puck von den Menschen gesagt hatte.

Eines Nachmittags war Maja im Netz einer Spinne, Thekla, gefangen.



Sie schrie vor Entsetzen, weil sie glaubte, dasz sie diesmal sterben müsste. Dann wurde sie sehr zornig und entschied sich zu kämpfen. Später hörte sie Kurts Stimme. Sie rief zu ihm. Er setzte sie in Freiheit. Sie versicherte ihn, nie seine Freundlichkeit zu vergessen. Dann machte sie die Bekanntschaft von einem Borkäfer namens Hannibal, der einmal von einem Menschen gegriffen wurde. Der arme Hannibal verlor ein Bein in dem Kampfe.

Eines Nachmittags sah sie ein fremdes Tier, das wenigstens hundert Beine an jeder Seite hatte. Er war ein

Hieronymous Tausendfüßler, der ihr sagte, dasz sie in der Nähe von der Hornissenstadt sei. Die Hornissen waren immer die Feinde der Bienen und assen sie lebendig gern. Auf einmal packte eine Räuberhornisse die kleine Maja

am Kragen und trug sie zu ihrem Kerker. Da hörte sie die Königin, der sagte, dasz die Hornissen die Stadt der Bienen überfallen sollten. Maja will sein Volk vor den Hornissen zu warnen. Sie sah in der Wand einen Spalt, den sie zu erweitern versuchte. Sie erreichte fast die Tür der Burg, als der



Der Wächter

Wächter sie zurückhielt. Aber der Wächter liebte Schnuck, die ihn verlassen hatte. Maja sagte ihm, wo Schnuck sei und der Wächter liesz sie fortfliegen. Maja flog zu

ihrem Stock so schnell wie sie konnte; als sie nach Hause ankam, konnte sie kaum sprechen. Aber man führte sie bei der Königin. Auf einmal befaßl diese den Offizieren, sich für eine grosze Schlacht mit den Hornissen zu bereiten. Man erlaubte Maja zu ruhen, weil die Biene so müde war.

Als Maja von ihrem Schlaf erwachte, fand sie dasz der Krieg zwischen den Bienen und den Hornissen zu Ende war; und sie ging zu dem Empfangssalon der Königin, damit sie ihr ihre Abenteuer erzählen konnte. Die Königin gab ihr damals eine Heimat und ein Volk; und sie machte Maja eine Ratgeberin der Staatsgeschäfte. Maja lebte von jener Zeit bis ihren Tod ein angenehmes Leben.

PICTURES

*Beneath the glistening, sparkling snow
The forest trees were sleeping;
While high above the silver moon
Was slowly, upward creeping.*

*Came suddenly a message clear,
Across the blue skies ringing;
Snow disappeared, the world awoke,
'Twas spring; a blue bird singing.*

*Nature now is at its fairest,
Summer gaily reigns as queen,
Scattering flowers in her pathway,
Draping earth in gown of green.*

*One knight, Sir Autumn, gallant rogue
Crept forth with brush in hand;
In radiant hues he dipped the leaves,
Enriching all the land.*

—J. Watt, 4A.





Editor, OWEN COUSINS, III C.

MUSICAL APPRECIATION

By DOROTHY KIDD, V B.

Musical appreciation as a definite programme in our school has been under the direction of Mr. S. R. Byles, who also conducts the orchestra.

Besides leading the singing in the auditorium last year he arranged for extra musical numbers on Friday mornings about once every two weeks.

On the first of these Friday morning programmes, Miss Frances Glazier played "Automne" by Chaminade, in her usually delightful manner.

As an introduction to her piano solo Mr. Byles gave us a brief account of the life of the composer, who is, by the way one of the few outstanding women composers. Two weeks later a Chopin number "Ballade in A flat" was played by Dorothy Kidd.

For our next programme Mr. Byles secured an outside artist, Mrs. George Bere, who sang "Afton Water," that beautiful old Scotch song, in a most charming manner. A violinist, Miss Norma Kenny, was our next guest artist. She played part of a Sonata by Handel and was accompanied at the piano by her mother, Mrs. Kenny. Mr. Byles also spoke briefly of this composer's life and works.

Mr. Chattoe, the organist at the Metropolitan United church, in a succeeding programme explained the different motifs in Mendelssohn's "Eli-

jah." As an illustration of this work, Miss Betty Holmes sang "O rest in the Lord," a contralto solo from this oratorio.

On another occasion Mr. Lethbridge brought to us his boys' choir from St. Paul's Cathedral. Their fresh sweet voices were very pleasing in the few numbers they sang for us. Mr. Lethbridge is to be commended for his work with these boys.

Although our Glee Club disbanded last year, Mr. Byles undertook to train six of the girls who sang for us one Friday morning. We enjoyed their two numbers, "As I went a-Roaming" and "The Little Garden," very much.

We hope that the interest in Glee Club work will be sufficiently revived to warrant its beginning again soon.

However, I'm sure that the crowning success of Mr. Byles' efforts was the concert which the R.C.R. band under the direction of Lieut. L. K. Harrison, gave us on March 19th.

We had again, the great pleasure of a second visit from the R.C.R. band in November.

The few remarks which Mr. Byles made as an introduction to each succeeding number added greatly to the interest and understanding of the audience. We are already looking forward to another visit from this splendid band.



ORCHESTRA

Back Row (left to right)—R. Ash, L. Easdown, L. Hayes, R. Calvert, J. Garside.

Middle Row (left to right)—Mr. Calvert, D. Morrison, W. Rice, G. Ross, J. Doyle, D. Townshend, B. Cave, H. Phillips, B. Hartrey, Mr. Byles.

Front Row (left to right)—R. Stevenson, F. Stuart, B. Freeborn, C. Aitken, M. Ash, O. Cousins, J. Crone.

MUSIC Orchestra News

Most of us, I believe, are wondering whatever happened to that good old orchestra of two years ago. Don't you remember? There was Walter Blakeley at the piano and Billie Bending at first violin. I simply can't leave out that outstanding cornet player, Don Stuart.

Last year, alas, the poor remains had to be completely renovated and it was only heard six times compared with twenty-six of the previous year! This year, however, it will be greatly improved. Fully twenty participants turned out at the first practice and more have joined the ranks since that time.

Another important item which can not be omitted from "Orchestra News" is that this year, the Orchestra was "officerized" in the following manner:

President—Walter Rice; Vice-President—Owen Cousins; Secretary-Treasurer—Jack Crone; Librarians—Frieda Stuart and Howard Phillips.

Under their leadership, coupled with

that of Mr. Byles, our capable conductor, the orchestra is making a desperate attempt to surpass the high standard set in nineteen twenty-nine—"We are certainly going to have a good try at it anyway."

THE ORCHESTRA PICNIC

The 23rd of May, 1931, was the date of a very momentous occasion for some twenty-one students of the school and their guests, namely, the orchestra.

It was a wonderful day, especially for a picnic, and everyone was in the highest of spirits.

We had as our guests that day, Mrs. Byles and Jackie, Mrs. Chambers and Mr. Ireland. Our destination was a beautiful spot along a creek which runs into the Thames at Kilworth.

With well-filled lunch baskets and equally well-filled cars we raced for Kilworth and soon everybody was busy with the pleasant task of gathering wood for the camp fire, over which we boiled coffee and cooked our hot dogs.

It was quite necessary to wash up after gathering the wood and it was

while we were thus employed that a very unfortunate incident occurred which, to some extent, spoiled the day for Louis Hayes, but added greatly to our enjoyment. Poor Louis was balanced on a rock, carefully washing the last specks of dirt off his lily-white hands when all of a sudden he lost his balance and the next instant was serenely sitting in some four or five inches of water. Very soon after this, he disappeared into the woods.

Mr. Ireland was on hand and very kindly took our picture, which I think you will find somewhere in this magazine. You will then be able to know whether or not we had a good time.

The food was soon prepared and we sat around the fire burning our tongues

with hot coffee and filling the odd corners with hot dogs and rolls. Also, we mustn't forget the bacon, bread and butter, olives, cakes and last but certainly not the least—ice cream.

I must now let you into a secret which I don't think Mr. Byles himself knows and which added materially to our pleasure. Soon after supper, some six of us left for a walk, and very shortly we were half a mile down the creek enjoying the old "swimmin'" hole. We arrived back to the camp just as Mr. Byles was sending two of the fellows out to try and find us.

After this we enjoyed a good ball game until dark when we returned to the city, tired and dirty, but happy.

—WM. HARTRY.



OUR FLAG

*To greet what joy or grief the year discloses
I raise to heaven my glorious crosses three;
For round my pole South plants a bed of roses,
In sign of faith and loving loyalty.*

*I bear upon my folds the weight of ages,
Yet young am I and strong as radiant truth,
Uncowed and free despite the storm that rages,
Since at my feet I find the pledge of South.*

*A message rare in fragrance, sweet ascending,
From lowly earth up to my wind-swept heart—
"Oh hear us now, thy high-placed greatness bending
And give to South, the young untried, some part.*

*The snows of winter lay upon our roses,
Then came the sun, and lo, they bloomed again;
So we through earthly storms until life closes
Shall live to give our best 'neath thy great reign." —B. McC.*

Just A Song

Words by Eleanor Haley.

Music arranged by Owen Cousins

Music score for the first section of 'Just A Song'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 3/4 time, with dynamics *mf*, *f vivo*, and *rit.*. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 3/4 time, with dynamics *b* and *#*. The music features various note patterns and rests.

WALTZ

Music score for the waltz section of 'Just A Song'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 3/4 time, with dynamics *ff* and *cantabile*. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 3/4 time. The lyrics 'There's a song that we can all sing a song that fills our hearts with' are written above the music.

Music score for the final section of 'Just A Song'. The score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and 3/4 time. The bottom staff is in bass clef and 3/4 time. The lyrics 'joy----- Let's all get in-to the swing now join in-to-' are written above the music.

geth-er make the ra-....fters ring. dear old Southwell all stand by

you, may you're ma-....in our guid-... ing hand,..... an- d when it's

o....ver may we stand before your eyes as some...thing true.



SCHOLARSHIPS AND AWARDS

PRINCIPAL T. S. H. GRAHAM, M.A.



SCHOLARSHIP WINNERS

Back Row—G. McVicer. S. Robinson
Front Row—M. Smith M. Shore, W. Tighe

HONOUR MATRICULATION SCHOLARSHIPS

The graduating class of 1931 continued to uphold the high standard of scholarship set by preceding classes and as a result we find several names among those accredited as worthy of being awarded scholarships in institutions of higher learning.

The University of Western Ontario Scholarship for highest standing in Upper School Biology, Physics, Chemistry and any two other papers, of a value of \$200.00, was awarded to William Tighe. The Scholarship for highest standing in German, of a value of \$110.00, was awarded to Maurice Smith. A Special Tuition Scholarship entitling him to two years' free tuition

of a value of \$170.00 was awarded to Stanley Robinson. Two other graduates, George MacVicar and Maurice Shore, were awarded Leonard Foundation Scholarships of a value of \$100.00 each. These five boys are now attending the University of Western Ontario, and to these, along with many other graduates of this and previous years, we extend our best wishes and highest hopes that their future academic records may bring more and greater honours than those already attained.

Mr. Thomas E Wilson of Chicago, an old London boy and graduate of the Ontario Agricultural College, has offered three scholarships, each of a value of \$300.00, to be awarded each year to students graduating from the London Collegiate Institutes and desiring to enter the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph. Two of these scholarships were awarded this year to Frank Love and John MacKay of London South. We are quite confident that these two boys will later fill positions of leadership in their chosen field.



FRANK LOVE AND JOHN MCKAY
Now in attendance at The O. A. C., Guelph



PRIZE WINNERS

Back Row (left to right)—M. Smith, B. Porter, J. Doyle, N. Farrow, E. Smillie, A. Morton, L. Williams.
 Front Row (left to right)—M. McColl, K. Milligan, E. Kerr, M. Haring, M. Geiger, B. Fraser (absent).

WHISKARD SCHOLARSHIP AND OTHER PRIZE WINNERS

The late Mr. T. G. Whiskard left an endowment to the London Collegiate Institutes, the interest from which is available for scholarships to worthy students each year. Under this endowment London South this year made award of its first group of Scholarships. These, combined with the splendid group of medals made available each year through our Collegiate Parents' Association and other interested friends, provide us with a splendid group of prizes to aid in stimulating the best efforts of our student body. To these donors we wish to express our deep appreciation for their continued interest and support.

Two Scholarships, each of the value of \$20.00, were awarded to the students who ranked first and second on the regular Fourth Year subjects: won by Kathleen Milligan and Betty Fraser.

Two Scholarships, each of the value of \$20.00, were awarded to the students who ranked first and second on the regular Third Year subjects: won by

Norman Farrow and Betty Porter.

Two Scholarships, each of the value of \$15.00, were awarded to the students who ranked first and second on the regular Matriculation work of the first and second years combined: won by Margaret McColl and Eunice Smillie.

A Special Scholarship of \$15.00 was awarded to Laverne Williams.

The gold medal presented by G. F. Copeland, Esq., for highest standing in Upper School English: won by James Doyle.

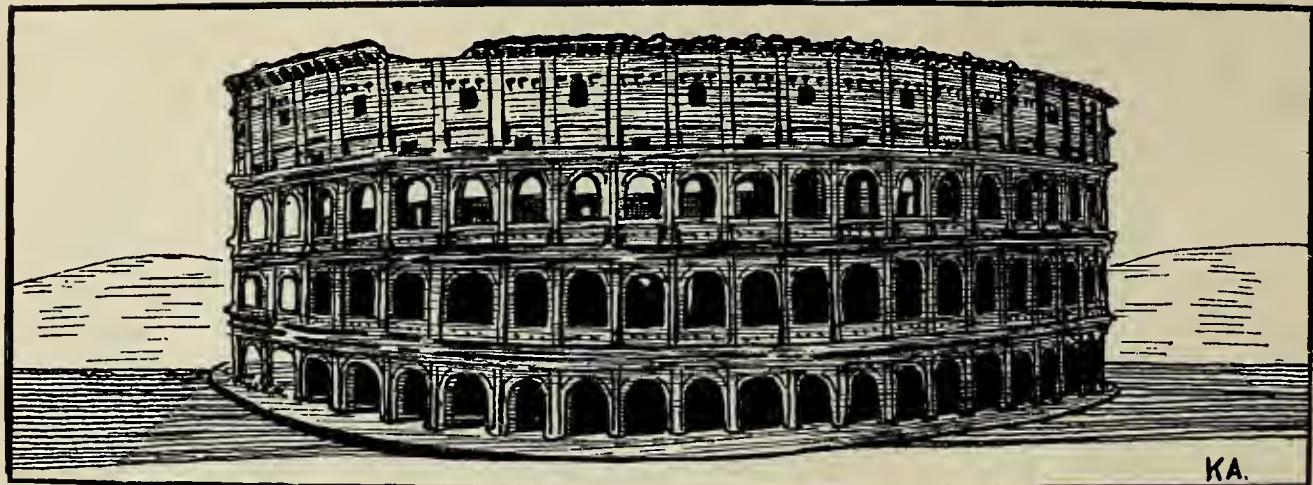
The gold medal presented by Orchard Brothers for General Proficiency in the Fourth Year: won by Kathleen Milligan.

The gold medal presented by C. B. Chapman, Esq., for General Proficiency in the Third Year: won by Norman Farrow.

The gold medal presented by Rowland Hill, Esq., for General Proficiency in the Second Year: won by Eunice Smillie.

The gold medal presented by Edgar Jeffery, Esq., for Boys' General Proficiency in the First Year: won by Arthur Morton.

(Turn to page 95)



KA.

IN CONSPECTU COLOSSEO

Editor, HAZEL PHILLIPS, V B.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We have never attempted a Latin page before. The reason, I suppose, is that Latin is thought to be so formidable. Now we present to you a collection of Latin articles, songs and quotations, and ask you to decide, when you have read both the Latin and the French, which you find easier and which you prefer. And as for German!

We hope to have contributions from the students for our next magazine. Then, all ye students of London South, Caesar will have nothing on you (*Caesar vos irridere non poterit*), and our Latin page will be original! And, I pray you, do not criticise too harshly this beginning.

—H. M. P.

Puer et Poma

Erat in agro arbor, in qua poma multa erant. Puer poma vidi. Prima luce in arborem ascendit et decem poma ab arbore removit. Iam ex arbore descendere oportuit et ab agro discedere; sed agricola, qui puerum viderat, magnum canem in agrum duxit.

Tum puer perterritus magno clamore locum complevit; sed auxilium aefuit. Agricola appropinquavit et puerum ita monuit. "Poma non tua sunt. Cur poma aliena ab arbore removebas? Non aequum erat. Fur es, et canis fures mordebit. Bonus puer esse debes." Tum puer exclamat: "numquam iterum fur ero. Nunc canem ex agro educ."

Agicola risit, canem abduxit. Puer incolumis relictus est, sed poma amis-

erat. Bonum consilium agricolae postea memoria tenuit.

Songs and Poems

Servet regem Deus

Servet regem Deus
Diu vivat noster rex
Magnanimus;
Victor inceditō,
Faustus felix esto,
Diu turno in regno—
Sic oramus.

Munera quae tenes
Optim a illi dones;
Diu regnet rex
Leges nobis tuens,
Laudes nostras merens
Ac studium diligens;
Vivat noster rex.

O Canada

O Canada, majorum patria
Frontem refulgens aurat purpura.
Tua dextra gladio sufficit
Fidem servat liberam,
Tua fama splendida respicit
Heroum gloriam,
Virtus tenax, servet domos
Defendat aras, protegat filios.
Exaudi Deus da fidem, fer opem.

Mica, mica, parva stella
Mica, mica, parva, stella;
Miror quaenam sis tam bella!
Splendens eminus in illo,
Alba velut gemma, caelo.

Quando fervens sol discessit
Nec calore prata pascit,
Mox ostendis lumen purum,
Micans, micans per obscurum.

Tibi, noctu qui vagatur,
Ob scintillulam gratatur;
Ni micares, tu, non sciret
Quas per vias errans iret.

Meum saepe thalamum luce
Specularis curiosa;
Neque carpseris soporem
Donec venit sol per auram.

Poor Little Dog

"Terra" is the Latin word for "land" and is derived from the same root as the verb "torrere," which means "to become dry," or "to heat to parching," or "to scorch." Thus the earth is the dry part of the earth's surface as opposed to the sea. "Terrier" is a small dog that goes down into the "terra" into the burrows of animals, and thus the name "terrier" is derived from the same root as "terra" and "torrere." Could you call a "terrier" a "hot dog?"

Georgius Rex

"Georgius Quintus, Dei gratia Magnae Britanniae Hibernae et terrarum transmarinarum quae in ditione sunt. Britannica, Rex, fidei Defensor, Indiae Imperator."

Quotatians

"Fere libenter homines id quod volunt credunt." Caesar.

"Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur." Ennius.

"Ego sum rex Romanus et super grammaticam." Emperor Sigismund.

"Certa amittimus dum incerta petimus." Plautus.

SMITH (pessimist): translating "Quid sit futurum cras fuga quaerere"—the crown is going to fall, seek flight.

—PUNCH.

Translations

Caesar secundum ventum nactus—
Caesar having got his second wind.

Crescentem sequitur pecuniam majorum famas—Growing wealth is followed by hunger for ancestors.

* * *

MRS. PICKETT: "When was Rome built?"

JERRY COPPLEMAN: "At night."

MRS. PICKETT: "Who told you that?"

JERRY: "You did. You said Rome wasn't built in a day."

LONDON SOUTH PARENTS' ASSOCIATION

By MRS. A. CRESS, Pres.

The South Collegiate Parents' Association has opened another year with renewed vigor and energy, and is looking forward to the co-operation of both parents and teachers toward a more successful year than has ever been experienced.

The afternoon tea held in the Fall of last year, at which the parents of the South school's pupils were given an opportunity to meet their children's tutors, proved such a success that it has been decided to hold just such another afternoon this term. The attendance of as many parents as can possibly come will be another real boost for our organization.

The presentation of medals donated by various members of the Parents' Association, Board of Education members, and other interested persons to those pupils of the school who have shown proficiency along various scholastic lines, has become a custom at the annual meeting of the Association. Every parent member wishes those teachers who have so quietly and unobtrusively helped these scholars achieve their success to know of their appreciation and understanding of the efforts and time they have expended toward this end.

A word of thanks is also due the School Orchestra which helps so immeasurably to brighten the Association's meetings.

Every parent's interest in his child's scholastic welfare is naturally taken for granted, and in just such a way do we take it for granted that he or she will be interested in the organization which promotes the students' welfare. As our Association grows in size so are our meetings and activities growing in benefit and entertainment, and we know each parent will not show himself indifferent to this opportunity of becoming a member.

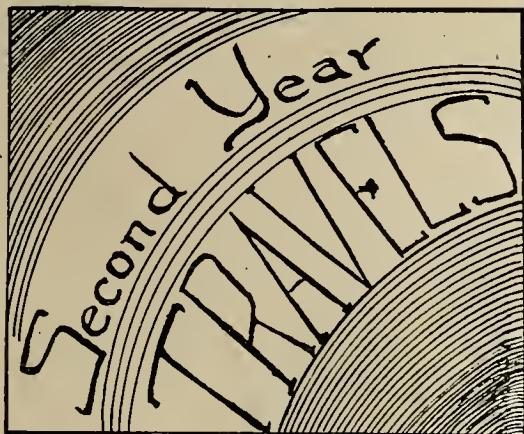
MRS. A. CRESS,
Pres. Parents' Association.

* * *

CREENA WALLACE: "What does a doctor have that a teacher must have?"

MARG. RICHARDS: "Patience."





A Trip up the Muskoka Lakes

Close your eyes and come with us up the beautiful lakes. Imagine that it is a warm day in July. The steamer leaves Port Sydney, Mary Lake, to take us up the twisty north branch of the Muskoka River, through a lock, and into the island-dotted Fairy Lake. On leaving the steamer we board the queerest, tiniest train in the world. This little wood-burner takes the passengers over the portage between Peninsula Lake and the Lake of Bays. Here we get on a larger lake boat which goes to Dorset. But we are stopping at the landing place before the end of the run. Bigwin Inn! What a beautiful place to spend a few days before continuing our cruise!

—MARGARET WILSON.

A Trip to Newfoundland



Let us take an imaginary journey to the world's tenth largest island, picturesque Newfoundland, that famous fishing ground that also bears the well-deserved name of Land of the Caribou.

One of our most pleasant afternoons was spent in a quaint fishing village. All the houses were whitewashed, and,

though scantily furnished, were immaculate.

The Fisher Folk live almost entirely on fish. When the fish are caught they are placed on racks covered with pine boughs where they are seasoned by the sun and ocean breeze until they are salted. The operation of salting is carried on chiefly by the women and girls.



The country's favourite dish is Bake - apple which resembles our wild May apple. Cod tongues and dandelion greens

are also considered delicacies. Here's a tip! If you are planning to visit the country and have a fondness for chewing gum, take a supply with you, unless you care for hard lumps of pine gum which seems to be about the only variety purchaseable.

The children of Newfoundland are not compelled by law to attend school. We might consider this, on first thought, a lucky break, but the result is seen in the fact that a great many of the people can neither read nor write. This, however, does not mar their hospitality, which is unparalleled in any other country.

These are only a few of the interesting features of Newfoundland, but I sincerely hope that they have brought to you a little more knowledge of this loyal country and Britain's oldest Colony.

—RUTH DONAHUE

Memories of Edinburgh

Edinburgh, as many people know, is a very old city. The houses, es-

pecially, are different from the houses here. They are very high and are called tenements. They are made of stone, and coal has to be carried right to the top of the tenements.

The main street is called Princes Street and is said to be the most beautiful street in the world. On one side of the street are stores and on the other side is a very beautiful garden. At the back of the garden is a very large rock on which Edinburgh Castle stands. On entering the castle one sees the statue of the late Earl Haig. In the interior of the Castle there is a shrine which was built in memory of the soldiers who fought in the Great War.

On looking over the walls of the Castle one can see the monument of Sir Walter Scott. At the other end of the garden is a clock, the hands and numbers of which are made of flowers. It chimes at every hour, and runs only during the summer. Across from the garden is an Art Gallery where the most beautiful pictures are to be seen.

There is a difference in sport also. During the summer months cricket is usually played, and in the winter soccer and rugby. The people play hockey, but not ice hockey, as the climate is unsuitable and the ice always melts. —ARCHIE McGOVERN.

A Motor Trip from Montreal to Quebec

When we left Montreal, we did not realize what a wonderful trip we were going to have as we motored along with the mighty St. Lawrence, which we never lost sight of for more than a few minutes, on our right, and the magnificent Laurentian Range on our left.

The narrow, twisting road looked as if it had been an Indian trail. We noticed particularly how narrow the farms were. In the early days the pioneers settled close together along the river bank to protect themselves from the Indians and so it seemed that we were driving through an endless village. The barns were usually on the opposite side of the road from the houses and it was not an uncommon sight to see a girl with a pail and a stool waiting to cross the road. The thatched barns

and farmhouses were whitewashed, and, with the brightly-coloured hand-woven rugs which were hung out for sale, presented a very clean and gay appearance. The farmers use two-wheeled carts drawn by one horse. There was a patch of tobacco on almost every farm and I suppose that was why even young boys were often seen smoking pipes.

When we arrived at Quebec we decided that it seemed just like a city of the old world. At the top of the hill stands the very imposing Chateau Frontenac with its wide promenade, on which there is a fashion show every night, facing the river. It was great fun to take a caleche, which is a queer, two-wheeled horse-drawn cart, from here through the narrow, bricked streets, and to see the many monuments of the great men who made the history of Canada. We were taken to the Citadel, and farther up the river to Wolfe's Cove, and above it to the Plains of Abraham, which is now a park.

I assure you that the trip from Montreal to Quebec is well worth taking.

—BOB CRAM.

Southern California

There were many things I enjoyed while in California, some more outstanding than others.

It was very interesting to visit the various old historic missions along the southern coast. These are full of relics that take one back to the days when the Spanish padres struggled to establish Christian civilization along these shores.

Down in the heart of Los Angeles is another picture reminiscent of the early days—a colourful bit of old Mexico, the Plaza, the spot where Los Angeles was founded. Leading off from this is a street lined with stalls where native wares are sold by Mexicans. The cafes in this street where native food is served, are very popular with the people in Los Angeles.

The drives through fragrant orange and lemon groves, up winding roads high into the mountains, along the beautiful ocean front, or out into the desert are long to be remembered.

These are just a few of the interesting things that one can do while wintering in the Sunny South.

—ANNE ADAMS.

CANADA'S NEW OCEAN PORT—SID WEBBER, V.B.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new." Overnight a mere, isolated Hudson's Bay post has burst from the shades into the limelight of Canadian shipping. A dreamer once said: "Wireless may destroy the isolation and loneliness of the scattered trading posts."

The Company's establishment on Churchill River may become a great port and bring the Canadian west nearer by hundreds of miles to the Old World.

Port Churchill is the realization of the dream. It has made its debut to the "Society of Ocean Ports." Some two months ago it made its first shipment of Canadian wheat to Liverpool.

Slowly C.N.R. rails have conquered the forests and rocks of the north country, and with the driving of the last spike, Churchill has been loosened of its isolation. As prophesied, wireless has overcome the loneliness of the north of the scattered trading posts. No longer is Churchill a forgotten Indian and Eskimo village, but it is now an outpost of foreign trade.

Through wireless and radio the perils of the northern seas are no longer a danger to the ships which can call for help at the first sight of danger.

Official statistics quote that wheat sent to Liverpool from Saskatoon via the Great Lakes travels 4,878 miles; travelling via Churchill and the northern route is 3,814 miles, a saving of 1,064 miles and of 57 miles of rail, the most expensive transportation.

As the townsite of Churchill is the property of the Manitoba Government it can be leased but not sold and as yet only official buildings are there. Beside the elevator are churches, three banks and a "movie"—which in opening advertised an admission fee for men only—there were only three ladies in Churchill at that time.

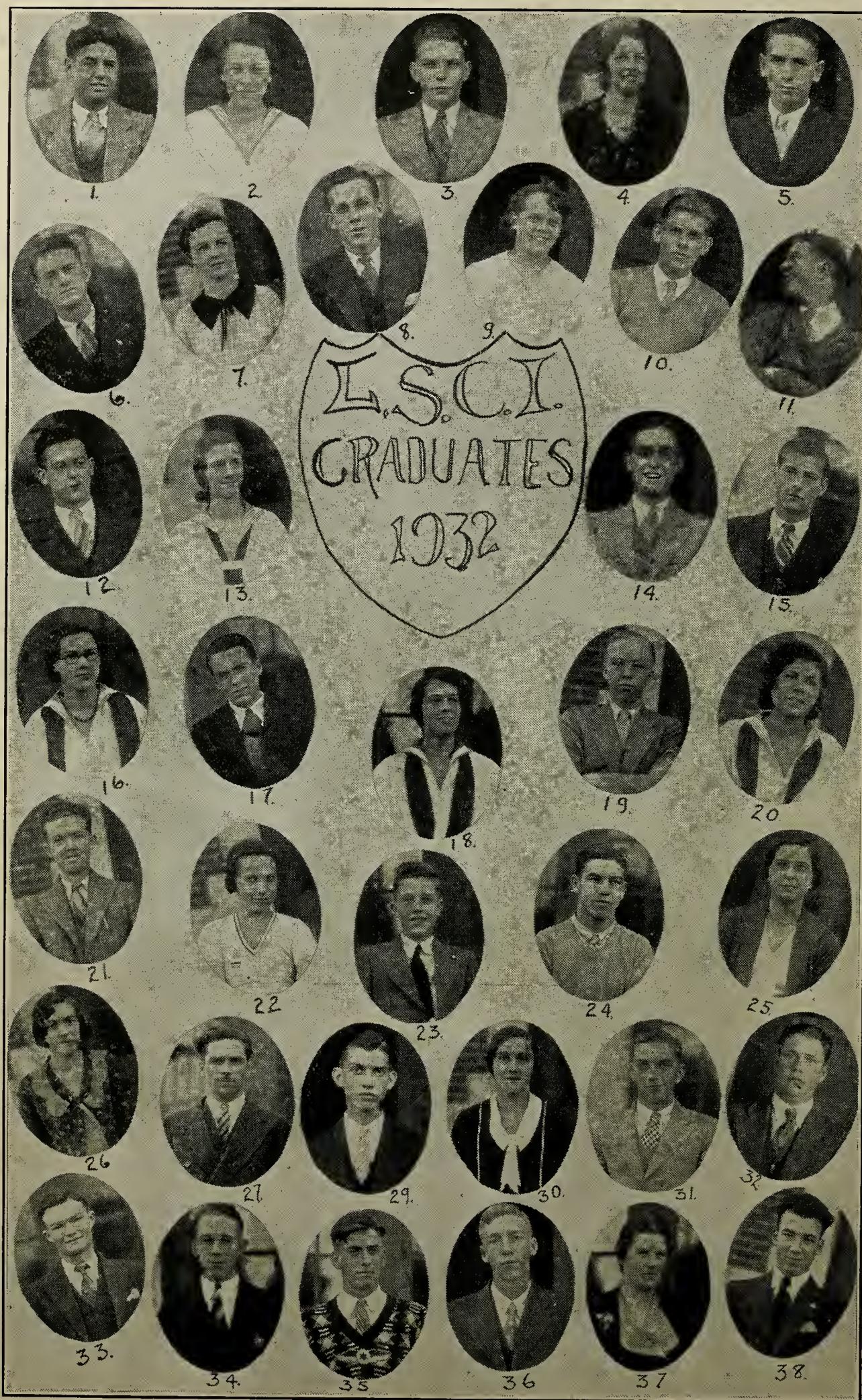
Through the summer months practically 1,200 men are employed at the construction of piers and the elevator. Despite the fact of its northern position, Churchill has chances of becoming a thriving city. They have a most up-to-date lighting and water system. Their sewage is steam heated to keep from freezing and the general heating of the town falls on the C.N.R. authorities, who in building their six-stalled roundhouse also installed four boilers of the best type.

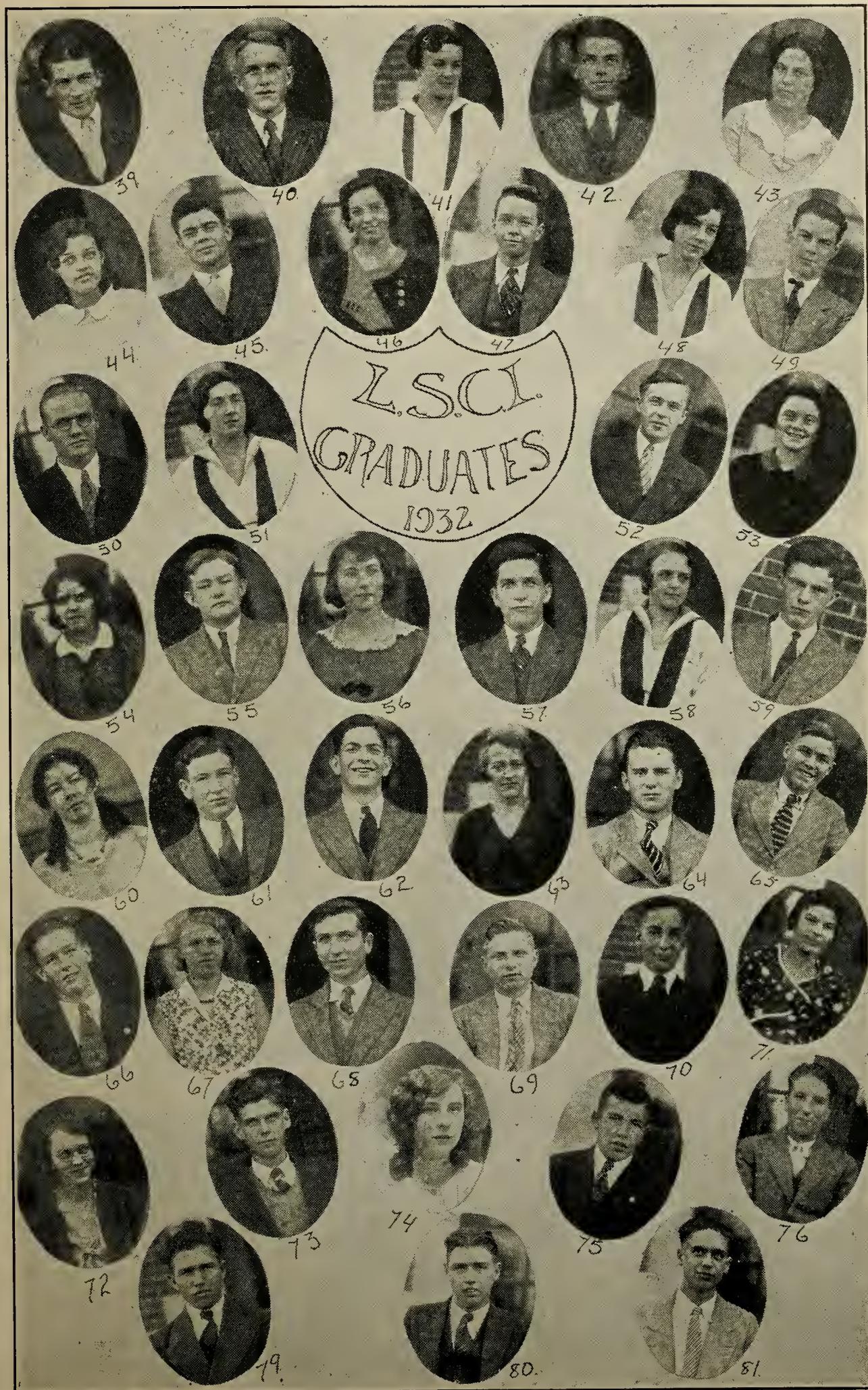
The biggest thing about Churchill is its mammoth elevator, having a total capacity for 2,500,000 bushels with provision for future extension to 10,000,000 bushels. It is set back 600 feet from the water and made of reinforced concrete, is fireproof throughout and equipped with rapid handling machines for the loading of three ocean liners by twenty-three spouts at the rate of 8,000 bushels an hour.

The future of Churchill as a shipping centre for export and import seems assured. It is a great venture and the opening up of the harbour this fall developed a new era on the North American Continent.

Key to Graduate Groups

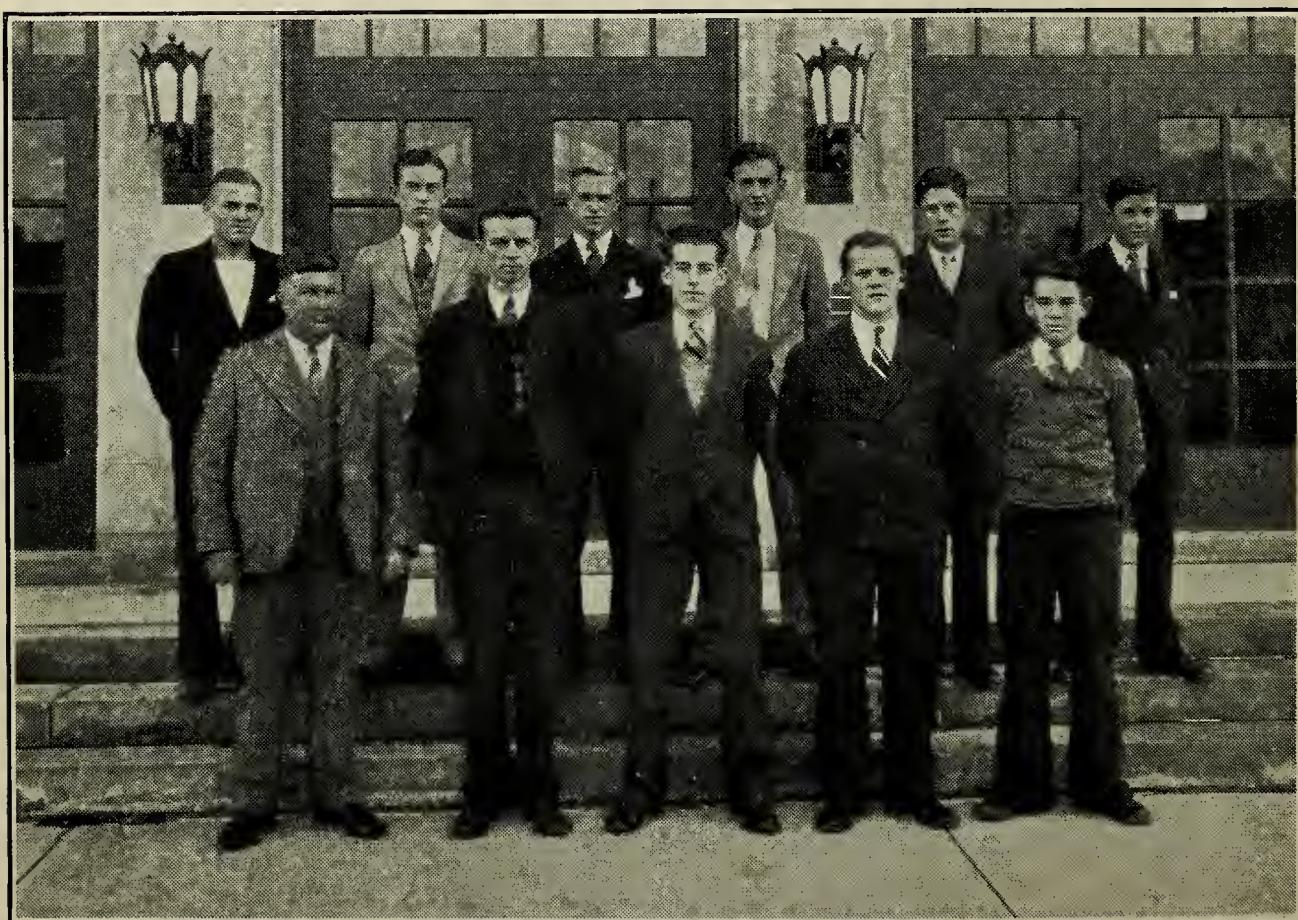
- 1, B. Smith; 2, C. Neal; 3, G. Jarmain; 4, G. Hamlyn; 5, H. Thompson; 6, G. Nelson; 7, B. Fraser; 8, R. McCallum; 9, D. Owen; 10, S. Webber; 11, T. Janes; 12, W. Cousins; 13, E. Bendle; 14, K. Coates; 15, T. Hutchinson; 16, K. Milligan; 17, A. McLachlin; 18, M. Lister; 19, F. Lantz; 20, H. Baker; 21, R. McKay; 22, M. Parsons; 23, P. Croly; 24, G. Hotham; 25, D. Kidd; 26, E. Dunn; 27, A. Carruthers; 28, J. Lord; 29, J. Doyle; 30, H. Phillips; 31, J. Summers; 32, G. Marshman; 33, R. Partridge; 34, M. Ramsay; 35, L. Doan; 36, B. Branston; 37, L. Morrison; 38, W. Hartry; 39, K. Abell; 40, M. Clarke; 41, C. Balfour; 42, C. Ready; 43, M. Gray; 44, E. Weber; 45, V. Phillips; 46, M. Trout; 47, J. Watson; 48, M. Croly; 49, W. Kearns; 50, K. Cromwell; 51, P. Henderson; 52, C. Walters; 53, E. McEwing; 54, B. Freeborn; 55, F. Blake; 56, A. Swanton; 57, J. Orendorff; 58, D. Price; 59, J. Lamont; 60, A. Dodds; 61, H. Willsie; 62, C. Cowan; 63, A. McLean; 64, C. Handcock; 65, G. Matheson; 66, H. Kester; 67, L. Statham; 68, C. Sadler; 69, N. Stewart; 70, B. Lawson; 71, L. Ramer; 72, O. Martin; 73, R. Currie; 74, M. Brown; 75, B. McLeod; 76, S. Merrifield; 77, M. Fowler; 78, H. Drinkwater; 79, J. McEwing; 80, R. Stephenson; 81, G. Hotham; 82, H. Edinborough.







Editor, FRANK KUNZ, IV C



BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row (left to right)—E. McClaren, T. Janes, A. McKenzie, L. Bamford, B. Rivers, C. Cunningham.
 Front Row (left to right)—Mr. Dinsmore, Mr. Freeman, J. Crone, O. Orchard, K. Southcott.

BOYS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

The boys of the school were very sorry to learn of the retirement of Mr. Ireland, as president of the Boys' Athletic Association; but we have the satisfaction of knowing that he will lend a helping hand at any time.

Mr. Dinsmore is our new president, and on behalf of the school we wish to congratulate him on his appointment.

The other members of the executive are:

Vice-President—Tom Janes.

Sec. Treasurer—Bill Rivers.

Year Representatives:

5th—Bill Harry, Archie McLachlin.

4th—Jack Crone, Arthur McKenzie.

3rd—Orion Orchard, Alvin Harley.

2nd—Lorne Bamford, Ernie McLaren.

1st—Ken. Southcott, Carl Cunningham.

Mr. Graham, our Principal, and Mr.

Freeman, an athletic instructor, are also members of the executive.

Rugby

When school opened in September, the prospects for a Senior and a Junior rugby team did not look very encouraging, but Mr. Dinsmore and Mr. Freeman put their heads together and turned out two teams which were a credit both to themselves and to the school. The juniors won the City Championship and the seniors finished up in second place.

Junior Rugby Season

FRANK KUNZ

South Juniors began the season with a win, defeating Central Juniors 8-6. This opening game gave the Juniors a start towards winning the City Championship. The experience of most of the South players added considerably to the strength of the team. South made few gains on line plunges but the clever backfield plays with Bill Pace as end man moved the yard-sticks on several occasions with the line giving good protection and making fine interference.

The next game was played in a blinding rain and on a slippery gridiron. South took the short end of a 4-2 score. Although the South boys had the edge on the play and worked hard all the time, they could not overcome their opponents' lead. Fumbles were costly. In one case South were forced back for a safety touch owing to a fumble.

In the third game, Central having no home field, chose to play their last game with South on Beck's field. South were victorious by a narrow margin. It was a wonderful exhibition of rugby, although South was at no time hard pressed by Central. It was in this game that Jim McHale gave such a sterling booting exhibition. The final score was 3-1 in South's favor.

The last game and the one deciding the City Championship was played at South against the fast Beck team. It was a close game from start to finish and on more than one occasion Beck had South very near the goal line only to lose the ball on a fumble or offside. Jim McHale's kicking was again outstanding. South came out victors by a score of 2-1, the deciding point coming in the dying minutes of the

game when McHale returned a kick to Beck's deadline.

South won the right to meet Woodstock in the W.O.S.S.A. playdowns but alas, they met a heavier team and one superior in practically every department. The score in Woodstock was 63-0 in Woodstock's favor.

A week later our boys held them to a smaller score on our own field. The score was 36-0 in favor of Woodstock.

Senior Rugby Season

FRANK KUNZ

South Collegiate Senior Rugby team opened the series playing the first game at Beck. It was a wonderful day for the game but perhaps just a little warm. South played fine open rugby and ran all over the less experienced Beck players winning by a score of 13-2.

South played the second game of the series on our own grounds with Central, an old rival, but fate was against us, and try as they would our boys fell before a score of 2-1. South played fast, hard rugby but Central were apparently just a little harder and faster.

The third game of the series was also played at South and again South took the small end of the score which was 8-0. Beck showed a great improvement over their first game and it was a great surprise to be blanked by a team which our team had previously out-scored. Trying hard to overcome Beck's three-point lead South attempted a forward pass which was intercepted and carried over for an unconverted try.

South played their final game at Central and was successful in defeating the Central team 11-2.

This game was probably the most spectacular of the series. On one occasion South bucked the ball from their own 35-yard line for a try. Plewes intercepted a forward pass and ran about 35 yards for another touchdown.

Both teams played clean, hard-fought rugby, but South played just a little better than Central.

By virtue of this victory South finished the series in second place.

JUNIOR TEAM

Harold Kester: Harold is captain and quarter-back. He is a clever player and a good tackler; and an invaluable man on the secondary defence. Unfortunately for the team Harold will finish his course in June.

Jack Roberts: Jack is a new comer to South. He is alternate middle; a great plunger and tackler.

Jim House: This is Jim's first year at rugby and he certainly will make a good player. He tackles well and can also take his turn at kicking.

Bill Dawkins: Bill is an end man and although small he makes up for his size in speed and accurate tackling.

Herb Childs: Herb. plays on the line and he is a tower of strength. He is a fast and a deadly tackler.

Keith Caspel: Keith; who is a line man, plays middle. He is an excellent tackler and plunger. He had the misfortune of having his arm broken at Woodstock.

Roy Tremain: Roy is an alternate lineman. He is a fine player and with a little more experience will make a good prospect.

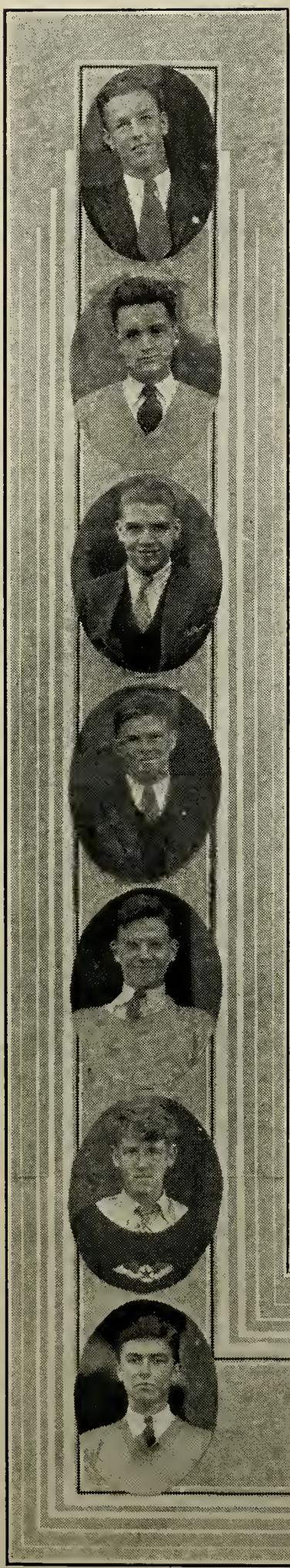
Douglas Parnell: Doug. who is playing for the first time, is snap. He is a plucky little player.

Bob Miller: Bob plays inside, although he knows how to make holes in the opposing line. He is an artist at throwing the forward pass.

John Sherlock: John is an alternate lineman. He has good weight and uses it to good advantage, making interference.

Bernard Mockler, Joe Kaufman, Bob Roberts, George Holland, are all good prospects for another year and they will improve with experience.

Centre below: **Mr. Freeman**, the coach of the juniors.



Fred Haysom: Freddie is a middle and one of the best. He makes great interference and is a fine tackler.

Murray Bloomfield: Murray plays in the back field. He is fast, tackles well and is a good man on the secondary defence.

Harold Little: Harold, who has been on the team for three years is flying wing. He tackles well and is right into every play.

Jim McHale: Jim is a new comer to South. He plays in the back field and is a fine tackler and a wonderful booter.

Donald Urquhart: Don, who is one of last year's linemen is on the job again. He plunges well and makes good interference.

Bill Pace: Bill, who is a half-back, is a fine tackler and plunges well. He specializes in the forward pass but can also take his turn as quarter-back.

Jack Brooks: Jack plays on the end and is a mighty fine player. He makes a habit of using flying tackles and seldom misses.

Neil Love: Neil has been playing for the juniors as a half-back for three years. He was out of the game most of the season owing to a bad foot.

Neil Rose: Neil is the midget of the team. Although he played no games he has a fine future.

SENIOR TEAM

Charles Miller: Charlie is an alternate lineman. He has good weight and is a fine tackler.

Harry Plewes: Harry plays on the end. He gets down well under kicks; an accurate tackler.

Gerald Nelson: Gerry is an alternate lineman. He makes good holes and carries the ball well on backs.

Ken Cameron: Ken is a half-back. He is very fast and a deadly tackler.

Gordon Franks: Gord. is an alternate lineman.

Centre below: M. Dinsmore, coach of the Seniors.



Ronald McCallum: Ronnie is quarter-back and captain of the team. He gives his best to the game. Plunges hard and tackles fearlessly. He is going to be missed, as he graduates this year.

Watson Kearns: Watson, who plays on the end, is an old soldier at the game. He is fast and tackles well.

Lorne Bamford: Lorne is a new recruit this year. He is alternate snap.

Fred Hutchison: Fred plays on the line. He makes great holes in the opposing line and is a fine man on a buck.

Arthur MacKenzie: "Art" is the half-back who does the kicking. He is a fine broken field runner; a deadly tackler.

William Partridge: Bill is a lineman. He is fast, makes great interference and is a fine plunger and tackler.

Charles Wideman: Bus is snap-back. He gets the ball into play quickly and is a good allround player.

Ernest McLaren: Ernie, who plays on the line, comes to London South from Hamilton Delta. A fine plunger and tackler.

Harmon Westland: Harm is a half-back. He is a fine broken field runner and tackles well. He has been out of the game for two years owing to pre-season injuries.

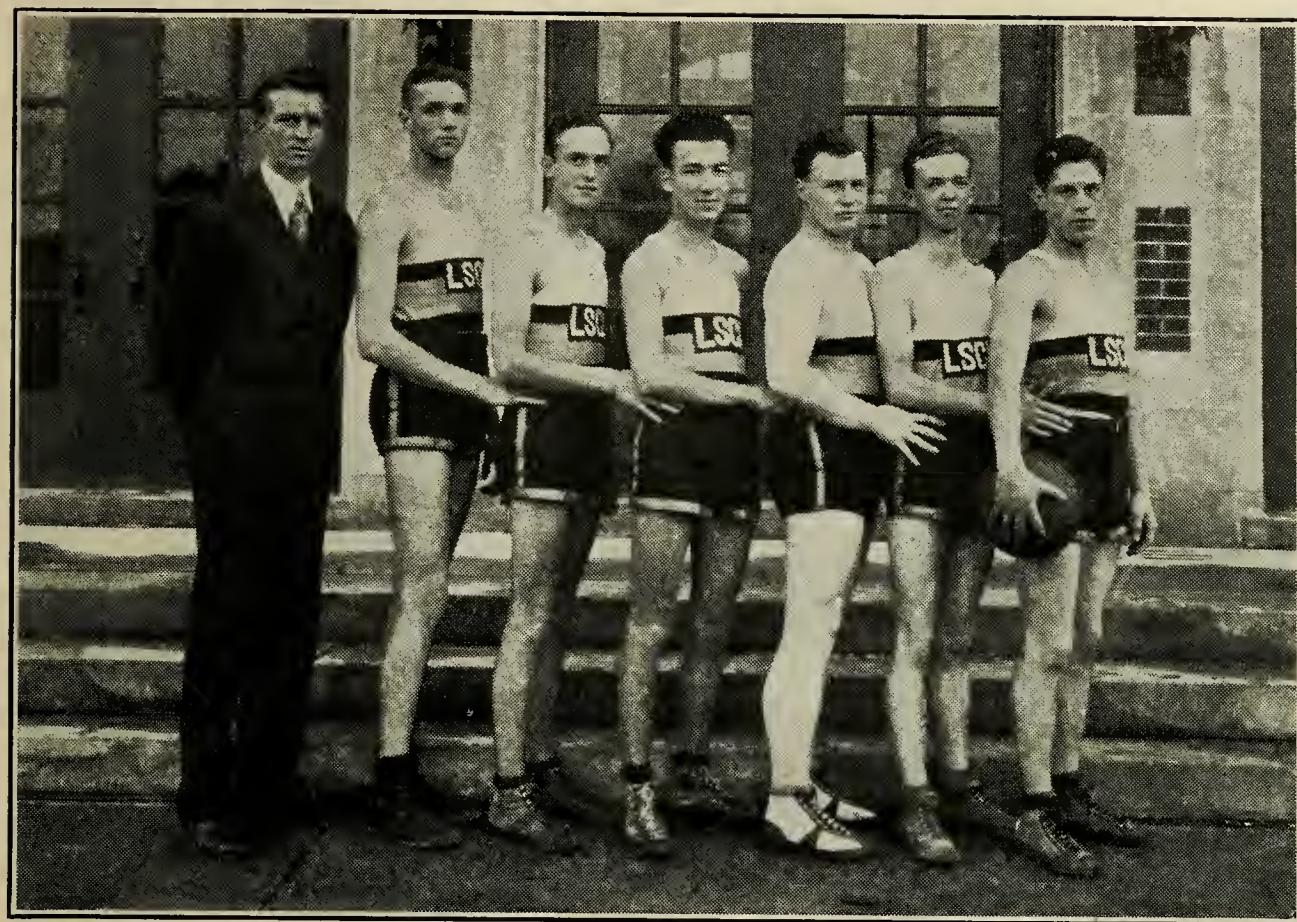
Vernon Phillips: Vern. (known as Nature's Own Athlete) is a half-back. He is a steady and tackles and plunges well.

Archie McLachlin: Archie is an alternate half-back; although the smallest player on the team, he is not the least efficient. He is fast and is a fine tackler.

Duncan McColl: "Dunc." is a lineman and a good one too. He plunges hard, tackles well.

Bob McLeod, Jack Summers, Walter Rice. These are fellows who have good weight and ability but will improve with experience.





SENIOR BASKETBALL

(Left to right)—Mr. Freeman, M. Shore, K. Coates, B. Hartrey, G. McVicar, R. McKay, B. Rivers.
(Geo. Upshall, absent)

Senior Basketball

Last year, 1930-31, marked one of the most successful years in the basketball history of the South Collegiate. The senior team not only captured the city championship title for the first time in nine years, but also entered the semi-finals. This was made possible by the whole-hearted support given to them by the student body, combined with the excellent coaching received from Mr. Freeman.

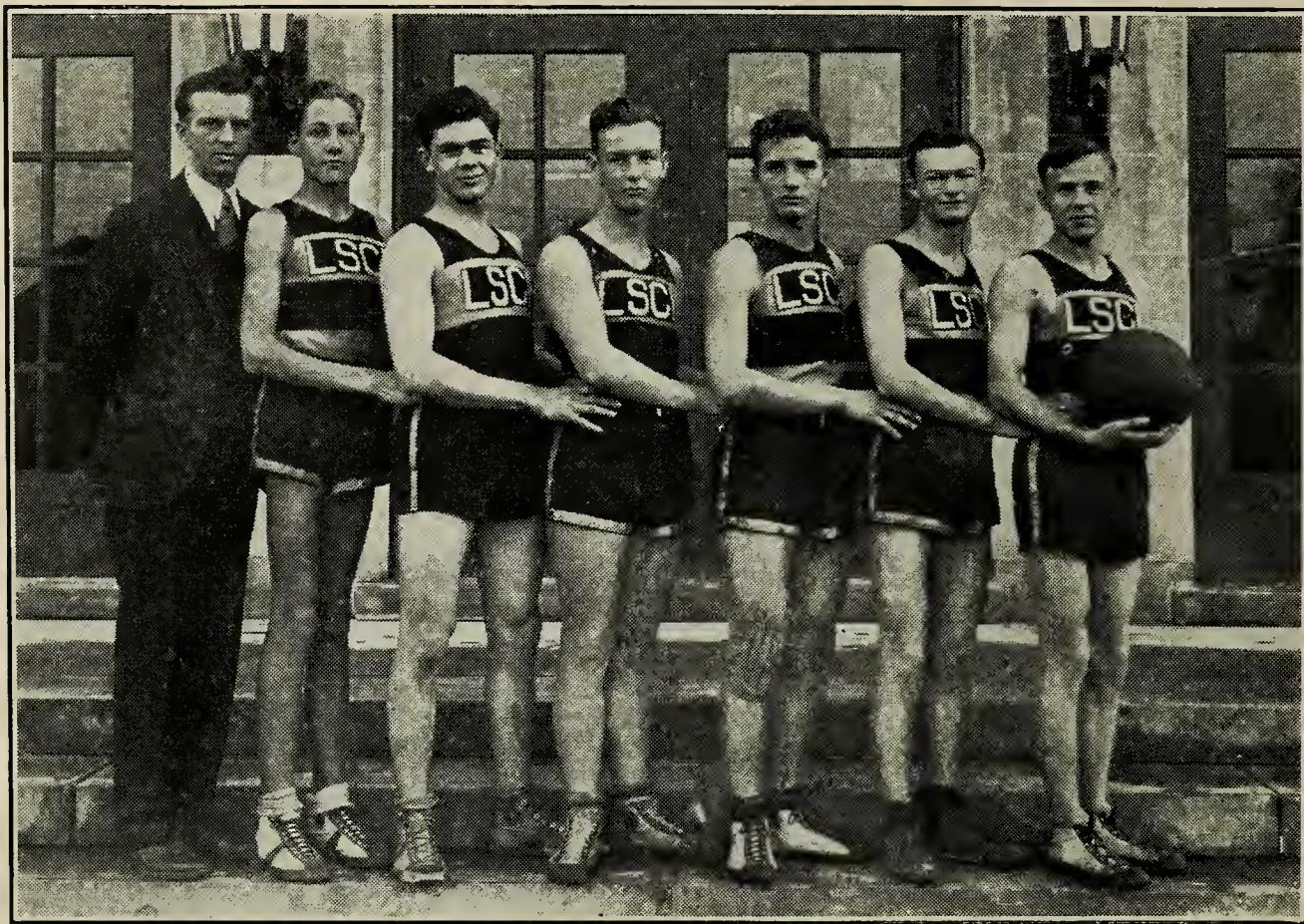
The seniors played their first game at Tech. and were defeated by a small margin. Their next game was played in our own gym. and the South team was able to handle Central the small end of the score. This was duplicated when Tech. played at South. At Central's home game, our team lost by a few points. This made the three teams all tie for the City Championship.

When Tech. returned to South, they were met with stubborn opposition which resulted in a large win for our team, while we lost to Tech. by a small score on their own floor. South then

showed its determination by defeating Central by a large score in our own gym. Central tried to gain the lead by giving the South team plenty of opposition, but the best they were able to do was to beat our team by one point. As in the series, points counted, South had now the undisputed City Championship team.

St. Marys were the next victims. The South players administered a crushing defeat to the St. Marys quintet on our own floor, while at St. Marys our players were again victorious, winning with a score of 15-14. Guelph Collegiate proved to be the stumbling block, and what a block! They played clean, fast accurate basketball with the result that the South team was defeated 68-28. We are not trying to create an alibi for that game but this defeat was partly due to the fact that the team had just lost "Bump" Upshall, whose absence was certainly missed.

Although the school has also lost two of its best guards, Shore and McVicar, who are now attending Western, we have plenty of new material and



JUNIOR BASKETBALL

(Left to right)—Mr. Freeman, B. Ford, V. Phillips, H. Kester, T. Ballantyne, R. Partridge, C. Walker; (T. Hutchinson, T. Janes, absent).

everyone is hoping that this season will be as successful as that of last year.

The players on the team were: C. S. Upshall, center; B. Rivers, K. Coates, forwards; M. Shore, G. McVicar, guards; alternates, B. Harry, R. McKay.

—K. COATES.

South's second year in junior basket-ball proved an interesting one. After several weeks of training, Mr. Freeman's squad travelled to St. Marys for an exhibition game. After matches with the Normal School quintet, the team opened the season auspiciously with a one-point win over Tech. However, they proved too strong in the return game. A decisive win over Central in our own gym. was followed by a near-win in the return game. South finished strong with two victories over the Beckites. Tech. who won the group, should be congratulated on the fine showing they made in subsequent games of the W.O.S.S.A. series.

The line-up is as follows: Guards—Hutchison, Kester,; Forwards—Janes, Partridge, Ballantyne; Subs—Phillips, Ford, Taylor.

Once again the basket-ball season draws nigh, and, although the squad has been greatly diminished, Mr. Freeman's hopes run high. So, here's to an even better season than last year—and remember it's the game that counts.

—BOB FORD, IV C.



A South Basketball Fan

The Track

FRANK WHITE, IV B

What was one sport's loss was the other's gain, when three-school rugby displaced the four-school Fall track meet. As a more or less direct result of this change, interest in track has lagged and except in rare cases, the enterprising athlete who makes his track debut in W.O.S.S.A. competitions goes home with a sour taste in his mouth and takes up bridge.

Last year, our one trump-card was Maurice Shore, who completed a very successful collegiate track career by winning the senior high hurdles. Unfortunately it was through a default. This in no way detracts from Morry's win, however. Lee, a Windsor athlete, who won by a slight margin skirted the seventh hurdle, which disqualified, and at the same time gave him the slight edge, as a greater speed is attainable on the ground than in coasting the hurdle. It was an unfortunate break for them both.

The other bright spot of last year's

track, and one that augurs well for the future, was the fact that we had both a junior and a juvenile relay team. Look at them, and then "dip into the future"—they are our potential Shores and Rivers.

We'll have a track team next year, certainly, but the fellows who are going to comprise it this spring are pretty much unknown quantities. First year, don't wait until you're Second year. Each competition gives you just that much more experience, and most races are won by losing a dozen others.

How Many of These Birds Do You Know?

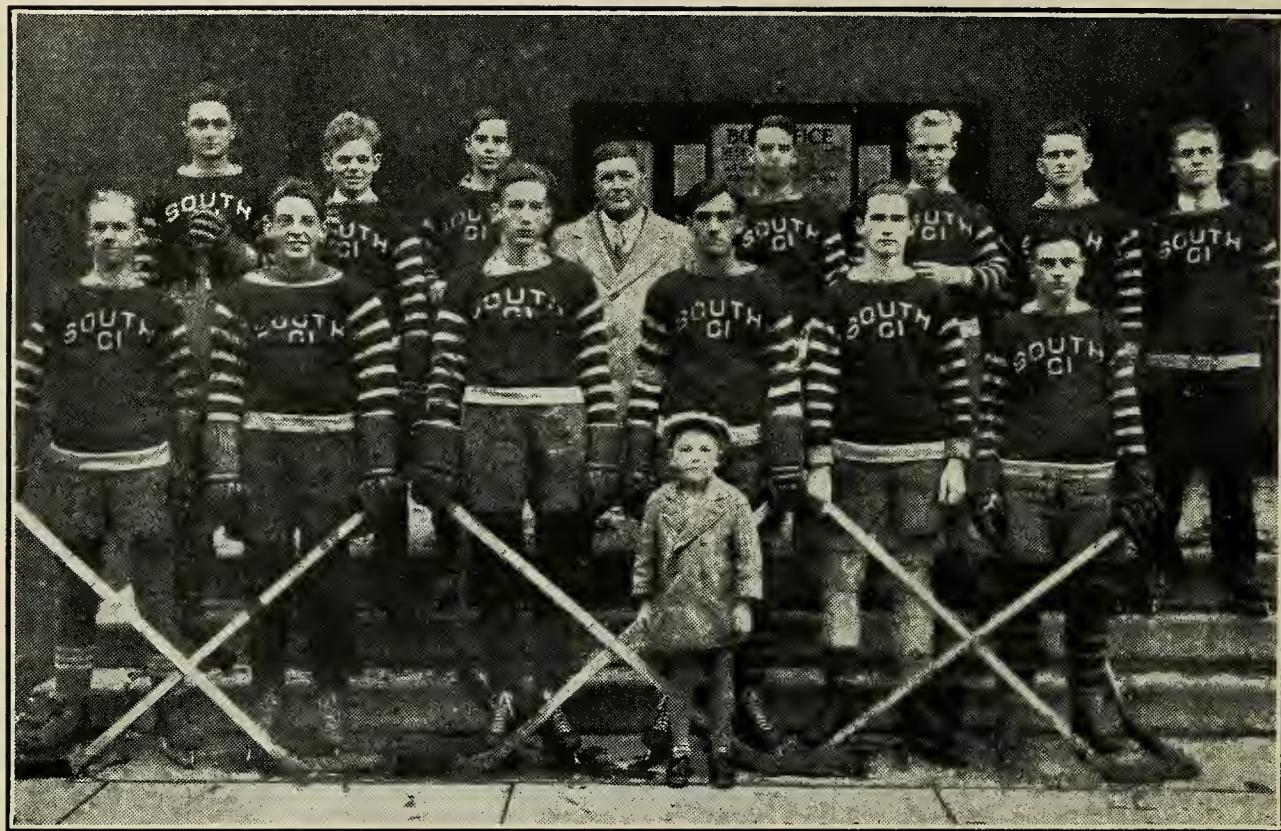
Answers

| | |
|--------------------|----------------|
| 1. Loon. | 9. Finch. |
| 2. Heron (Hair on) | 10. Crossbill. |
| 3. Sandpiper. | 11. Junco. |
| 4. Killdeer. | 12. Cardinal. |
| 5. Woodpecker. | 13. Warbler. |
| 6. Cowbird. | 14. Nuthatch. |
| 7. Starling. | 15. Kingbird. |
| 8. Meadowlark. | 16. Redpoll. |



TRACK TEAM

(Left to right)—N. Anderson, H. White, M. Shore, F. White, B. Ford, R. Abbott, P. Hutchinson, A. McGovern, N. Rose, K. Norfolk.



JUNIOR HOCKEY

Back Row (left to right)—J. House, R. Getliffe, L. Clark, Mr. Dinsmore, B. Smith, A. McKenzie, G. Nelson, H. Westland.
 Front Row (left to right)—B. Wideman, J. Reed, D. Kunz, H. Little, N. Love, B. Dawkins (J. Dinsmore, Mascot).

Junior Hockey

South was represented last year in a fairly large field as far as Junior Hockey was concerned. The City group was comprised of teams from South, Central, Tech. and De La Salle, and got under way shortly after Christmas. There being no senior team, South's efforts were totally confined to the smart junior outfit which they contributed.

Following the elimination of Tech. and De La Salle, in which some hard games were fought, South and Central began their erstwhile feud.

Both teams were right "on their toes" and were out to win. With a fast forward line made up of Ray Getliffe, Bus Wideman and Billy Dawkins, we felt pretty sure of victory. This line was very ably backed on defence by Harold Little and Neil Love, and at the nets by Eddie Rose, who played sensationaly throughout the entire season.

However, when the big event came, we were forced to take the short end of a 2 to 1 score. It was a fast game, and except for Central's size, there was little to choose between the two teams.

Time for the second game finally

came, with South feeling even more able to meet the test, as Don Kunz was back on defence after recovering from injuries. This game was even faster than the first, but the breaks were against us, and we were again defeated 3 to 1. This cancelled our chances for the year after experiencing one of the best hockey seasons in many years.

Alternates who ably filled their positions were: Westland, Nelson, Prudhomme, Smith, House, McColl, Lofft, Reid and McKenzie.

—ARTHUR MCKENZIE.



A RUGBY FAN—
JACK WHITE.



Editor, ELEANOR BENDLE, V B

Grace With Precision

Miss J. MACFARLANE, B.A.

A few weeks ago Londoners were given the opportunity of seeing Mr. Niels Bukh and a group of his Danish students give a demonstration of the Danish methods of Physical Education. To see Mr. Bukh's students is to see all that the Danish school stands for in its highest form. Gone are the old exercises which were performed with an almost explosive precision and in their place are rhythmic exercises which show such grace of movement that we are scarcely conscious of when one ends and another begins. Truly they were an inspiration and suggested an ideal toward which all might strive. Those who are trained in this system develop grace of movement, a sense of rhythm, which is almost like a song, and unusual poise.

The aim of Mr. Bukh is best expressed in his own words:

"In fundamental gymnastics an attempt is made to take the useful movements of free athletics and collect them in a suitable form that one may attain, for instance, the great development of strength and the freedom of arm movements of the discus and javelin thrower without apparatus. The athlete's powerful and agile legs may be acquired without the track hurdles or jumping stands; and it is possible to produce the Graeco-Roman wrestler's fine supple and powerful physique by training and making the body supple through trunk twistings, bending and stretchings, and muscle contraction."

Benefits of School Sport

Some people have the impression that sports are of no value to those participating in them. I am sure if these people stopped to consider the different benefits derived from sport, they would immediately see their mistake.

Firstly, sports train the mind to think quickly and to make accurate decisions. In basketball, for example, players must move swiftly and every move should be to the advantage of their team. Clear and effective thinking in moments of crisis is thus developed.

Secondly, the muscles are developed and made to respond to the dictates of the mind and the eye. This co-ordination of mind and muscle develops poise and ability to meet any new situation readily, a thing to be desired, surely.

And last, but by no means least, there is the development of that quality of character we call sportsmanship. The coach of any type of athletic activity always stresses the importance of good sportsmanship. He who is a good loser as well as a good winner will always be respected by those with whom he comes in contact, not only on the playing-field but in the game of life as well.

Surely if we take into consideration these qualities which are developed by every athletic activity, the benefits of school sport are plainly seen. —E.B.

— Miss MACFARLANE: "Can you tell me how to punctuate the following passage? 'I saw a pretty girl pass down the street'."

BOB HARRIS: "I would make a dash after the pretty girl."



GIRLS' ATHLETIC EXECUTIVE

Back Row (left to right)—G. J. Murray, M. Gidley, Miss MacFarlane, B. Reid.

Centre Row (left to right)—Miss Hilliard, Miss Macpherson, D. Blackall, C. Wallace, G. Milne, P. Ellwood.

Front Row (left to right)—H. Wilkey, D. Price, M. Ford, E. Bendle, M. Pegg, D. Owen.

Girls' Sport

By ELEANOR BENDLE

December, 1931, and once more the report of the girls' activities in the L.S.C.I. comes on the air from the studio of the ORACLE Broadcasting Co. On this programme you will hear about our girls' sports and our yearly social.

To begin with the sports as usual, our main sport is basketball and later we shall hear some interesting and encouraging (?) reports on this activity. We have something new in girls' sports this year. It is the English game of soccer, and we certainly do have great fun learning its fundamentals. But more of this anon by one of our senior girls.

All of our activities are under the control of the Girls' Athletic Association. Each year the girls of the school elect the executive for this association and on its members rests the task of making the Association successful, especially in the realm of finances. The girls who have had the honour of being elected to this executive for the year 1931-32 are as follows:

Vice-President, Eleanor Bendle; Secretary, Marjorie Pegg; Treasurer, May Ford; Year Representatives, 5th Year—Dorothy Owen and Dorothy Price; 4th Year, Doris Blackhall and Creena Wallace; 3rd Year, Helen Wilkey and Margaret Gidley; 2nd Year, Jean Murray and Gretchen Milne; 1st Year, Peggy Ellwood and Beth Reid.

The Honorary officers are; Mrs. Rose, Honorary President, Mrs. Urllin and Mrs. Byles as Honorary Vice-presidents. Our French and German teacher, Miss Macpherson, acts as president and has very capably guided the ship of the Girls' A. A. Executive through several successful years, and we hope she will continue to do so for many more. Miss MacFarlane and Miss Hilliard, our physical training teachers, are always members of this executive.

MARGARET RICHARDS: "I hear you do your reducing exercises to music."

DOROTHY OWEN: "Yes, I take a music roll every morning."

The Girls' Party

Every year, one evening is set aside exclusively for the feminine population of the school. On this one occasion we forget all about the otherwise ever-present boys and devote ourselves whole-heartedly to having a wonderful time at the annual Girls' Party. It always has been, always will be an evening packed with fun and laughter, but this year the party was even more than a success. Everyone seemed to be in the highest spirits and just bubbling over with a carefree happiness.

To begin the programme, Margaret Trout led a sing-song, while the freshettes were being dressed in a very unique style. They returned to the auditorium, giggling and excited, with their middies on back to front and hair-ribbons of every size and hue, bobbing up and down as they slipped or ran to their seats.

The skits of each year were then presented in order, beginning with Second year. I think that the higher forms might well sit up and take notice when the juniors of the school can present such an amusing skit. The acting was good and characteristic of the type of people whom they were attempting to caricature. The Third year presented a pantomime both spectacular and amusing. Fourth year's "Jazz Wedding" was a hilarious riot. Even the actors could hardly carry on for laughing. The Fifth year skit was more serious and provided a breathing space which doubtless saved many ribs from being split.

When the skits were over the girls flocked to the gymnasium where a novel track-meet, arranged by Miss MacFarlane, was to take place. Each year entered contestants in each event. The events were very cleverly arranged and provided a good deal of amusement. For example, the basketball throw was a contest in tossing jelly beans into a girls' mouth and the hundred yard dash was not a running race but a race in blowing a paper cone along a string. Everybody enjoyed the track meet immensely as they showed by the enthusiasm of the year yells which issued from various corners from time to time. The enthusiasm reached its height when the Third Year

Mustangs were declared the champion group and presented with chocolate medals specially struck for the occasion.

While we were waiting for the all-important part of the programme, the refreshments, some of the girls took part in forming pyramids. Then the usual rush for weiners and rolls, doughnuts and coffee occurred. They always taste so good at the end of the Girls' Athletic Party. When everyone had eaten all they could possibly hold, tired and happy we once more brought to a close the party which is as great a success as the girls make it and if it is never less fun than it was this year, it will always be one of the most successful social events of the year.

—BETTY FRASER



Girls' Soccer

This year, a game has been introduced into the South girls' world of sport, which is entirely new to them. Indeed, until quite recently, the game of soccer was, without question, a man's sport. When the game was taken up by American and Canadian girls, certain rules were of necessity, modified and changed, so as to be suited to the physical powers of the so-called weaker sex. If it is played properly, it is, therefore, not a dangerous game for girls.

One of the simplest and most important rules of the game, is that the ball must not be touched by the hands of anyone but the goal-keeper. Out of this fact arises most of the awkwardness which rank beginners experience. Our first practices were so amusing to watch, that they could hardly be called practices at all. No girl knew just how well or how poorly she was going to play, when she had her turn at "dribbling" the ball down the field and con-

Continued on Page 94



WOSSA BASKETBALL

(Left to right)—M. Richards, J. Vollick, E. Mellor, R. Kester, H. Cole, Miss McFarlane, K. Herald, R. Lawson, E. Collester, C. Wallace (E. Smith, absent).

Girls' W.O.S.S.A. Team

The W.O.S.S.A. team of 1930-31 had a very successful season and although we didn't manage to finish first in our group, the members of the team gave their best, and felt that what they got from it was worth while.

The first game with Technical at South resulted in a victory for South. In the next three games played at Beck, Central and Technical, South tasted defeat although by fairly close scores.

The last two games, however, were easily-won victories and we finished in second place in the city group.

The personnel of our teams last year showed some changes from the year before. We lost Lois Gidley and Marion McMurtry and although we added some promising new players, they could not be expected to fill the places left vacant by these really finished players.

After our league games were over, we accompanied the boys' team to St. Marys, where we played an exhibition game with the girls' team of the Collegiate there.

Imagine a South Basketball team without Hazel Cole! Truly, hers is a

unique record of achievement and service to the school. In her first year, she made the Senior team, and continued to be a member of the team, and to give freely of her boundless energy and enthusiasm for the six years she spent at South. Although she developed unusual skill and finish in her playing, she was most unselfish at all times, and sacrificed without regret opportunities to star herself for the sake of the team as a whole.

During the last two years she carried the responsibility of captain, and the members of her team felt her very presence on the floor an inspiration to them. Her good judgment and unconquerable spirit will be sadly missed by those who are to carry on.



EILEEN SMITH

who was given a place on the Senior Team last year. Although Eileen is only a beginner she has already shown real ability as a guard. Her speed and her ability to jump are two reasons for her effectiveness.



First Year Basketball

Yes, South has a first year team this year! After a year without a team, we are expecting this one to do great things. Even now, at the first of the season, they look splendid. Nearly every player has had some knowledge of basketball before coming into the school. Under the able training of Miss Hilliard, our new physical training teacher, there is no doubt the team

will go ahead with flying colours.

So far, they have in no way disappointed us. They have played two games in which they showed good combination and real fighting spirit. The forwards have been right on with their shots and are exceptional in their speed. The guards play a real game, for they are steady, and very seldom do they become excited or flustered as often happens with a first year team. On Tuesday, Oct. 20th, 1931, South defeated Central First Year, 28-16. I don't think South was outplayed in any part of the game. Also on Tuesday, Oct. 27th, 1931, they gained a victory of 19-11 over Beck at Beck. Tuesday seems to be their lucky day. South girls played a fine game in the first half, gaining most of their points then. In the last half, Beck retaliated, giving South quite a struggle.

Here's hoping Miss Hilliard and her team have good luck in the rest of their games.

—DORIS BLACKALL, IV. B.



FIRST YEAR BASKETBALL

Back Row (left to right)—A. Walters, D. Banninga, G. Miller, Miss Hilliard, M. Cox, M. Blackall, A. Brown.
Front Row (left to right)—L. Russel, V. Lucas, M. Clark, M. Cleland, V. Trott, J. Wood.



SECOND YEAR BASKETBALL

Back Row (left to right)—V. Clark, A. Cox, M. Lee, B. Lee, Miss MacFarlane, J. Smoother, M. Faulkner, E. Andrews, A. Campbell.
 Second Row (left to right)—J. Stauffer, A. Norton, D. Dicks, G. Stock, I. Knowles, J. Breakspeare, J. Fraser.

Second Year Basketball

Owing to the fact that South had no First Year Basketball team last year, it may be easily understood that the second year players of this year are practically novices, as far as competing with other schools go.

The girls in their first home game with Central were completely out-classed in size and experience and it was with this handicap that they began their round of games. They have the right school spirit and even though they lost their first game, I have reason to believe that the showing they will make will be much better at the end of the season, since the team as a whole has the determination which leads up to gradual improvement. And so, with the school's whole-hearted support we have hopes for them.

Team

Coach MISS MACFARLANE

V. Clarke, M. Lee, D. Dicks, J. Breakspeare, A. Campbell, B. Lee, E. Andrews, J. Fraser, G. Stock, M. Falconer, A. Smoother, A. Cox.

—MARJORIE PEGG, IV C.

Girls' Soccer —Continued from Page 91

sequently many of us were surprised. It is very easy to misjudge the distance and to trip over the ball, with disastrous results. Then too, "heading" the ball is difficult for beginners. Imagine the sensation a casual passer-by would experience, when, walking by the grounds of South Collegiate one afternoon, he suddenly beheld about forty middy-clad girls leaping wildly into the air, one by one, at a ball which seemed strangely to elude them. Do you think he would know that they were practising "heading" a soccer ball? I don't!

But stars in all types of sport were once beginners and "practice makes perfect." We are progressing, though slowly, under the capable supervision of Miss MacFarlane, and as the year goes on, individual talent for soccer will make itself known and who can tell?—perhaps, someday, South Collegiate will be noted for its splendid girls' soccer team.

—BETTY FRASER, V B.

The School Point of View

*Norman Farrow and Bobbie Ford,
Are very smart we know,
At school they capture honors
And at home they eat and grow.*

*Donald Kunz and Miller, Charles,
Are only little boys.
And for their size they make too much
Of that little word called noise.*

*Evelyn Collister with her hair,
That hair of burnished gold,
Is very charming, don't you think?
More than she was of old.*

*Frank White with all his questions,
Should be shut up, the teachers say,
And what he does get out of them
Is no good either way.*

*Toots Thompson, with her quiet ways,
Has found a way to smile,
Which causes hearts to tremble,
And expand about a mile.*

*Charlie Wideman, though he may
Play rugby very fine,
Has fallen for his Nancy girl
Who keeps him on her line.*

*Creena Wallace and Marg Richards
Are the very best of friends,
But I have heard their boy friends say,
Their minds follow different trends.*

*Orion Orchard may be fat,
And H. Plewes may be lean,
But given a plate of tough fat pork,
Would they lick the platter clean?*

*Marjery Pegg and Margaret Coates
Are young girls of the school,
And though they're not hot-headed,
Sometimes they can't keep cool.*

*Fred Littleford and J. Kennedy
Are two bright first year boys.
They still are quite mischievous,
But no longer play with toys.*

*O. Littleford with his growling,
Is a continual bore,
In Miss McCamus' English class
And to some of them of yore.*

*But a girl is always a girl,
And a boy is always a boy,
And unless they are not human,
They are full of life and joy.*

—O. R. L.

A JUNE SONG
Exams.

*Exams are rotten, silly things,
Which come three times a year.
You cannot get away from them,
They always seem so near.
But still it's good to know you passed
And all your work is done,
Hurrah! they all are gone at last,
And holidays have come. —Betty Lee.*

Prizewinners—Continued from Page 71

The gold medal presented by W. A. Martin, Esq., for Girls' General Proficiency in the First Year: won by Mary Geiger.

The gold medal presented by Howard Hartry, Esq., for highest standing in Lower School Biology: won by Laverne Williams.

The gold medal presented by A. R. Cairncross, Esq., for the greatest improvement in Second Year work over First Year work: won by Mackie Smith.

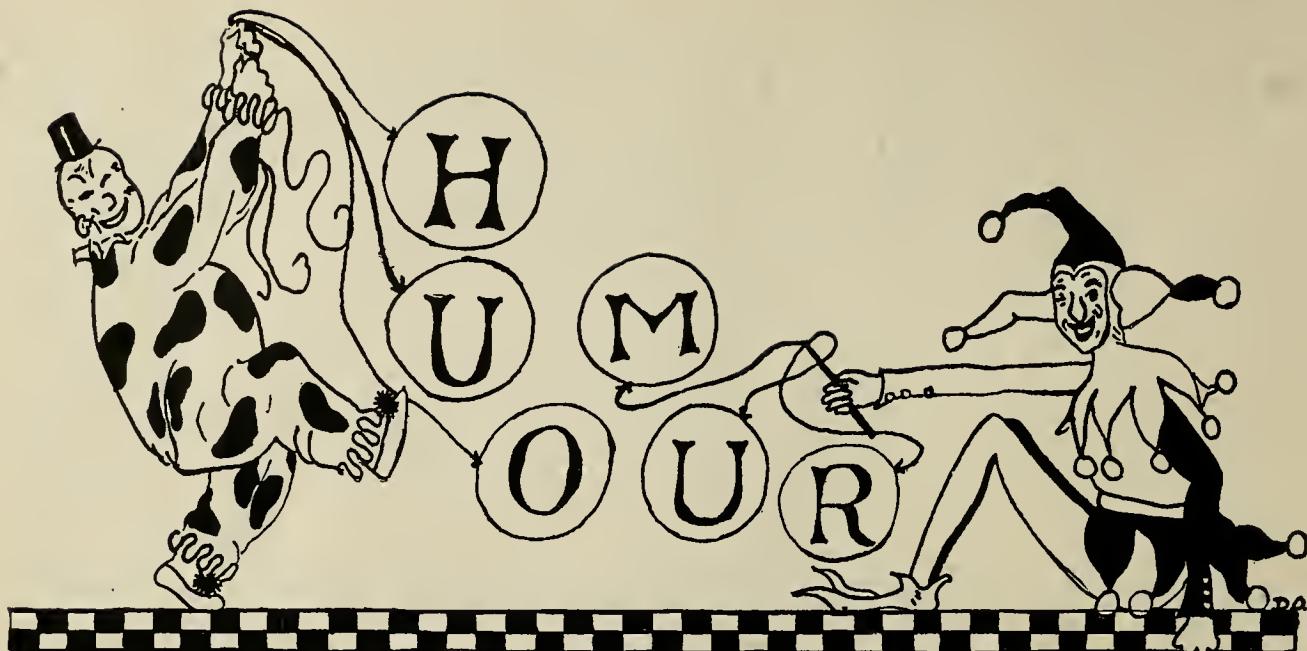
The gold medal presented by B. N. Campbell, Esq., for highest standing in Third Year Canadian History: won by Elinore Kerr.

The gold medal presented by John Collison, Esq., for highest standing in Lower School Art: won by Mary Haring.



The Oracle's Open Secrets

The first secret is about the Photo Man who had to live on two meals a day to get time for all these interesting individual pictures for us. Oh, how did you guess it? Yes, of course, it is Mr. Ireland! But don't tell!—And the next one is about the Travel Man who went in search of England and brought a bit of it back in his pocket for us. Guess? Right again! But here's something he did worse than that. Would you believe that he very, very quietly read this entire Oracle through before it was even published, looking for all our funny mistakes? Well, he did! And the last one is about Everybody Else on the teaching staff—and how they all helped to bring this little book out of Nowhere into Here!



Editors, MARJORY PEGG, IV B. HAROLD WHITE, IV C

MR. CALVERT: "How is the seed of the thistle dispersed?"

BRUCE BRANSTON: "By the instalment plan."

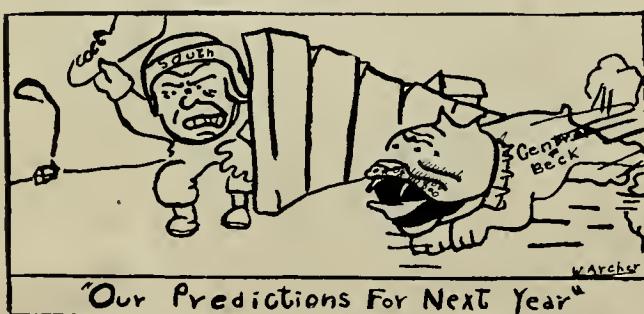
MR. CALVERT: "How is that?"

BRUCE: "So much down each week."

* * *

TEACHER: "What's the meaning of repose?"

PUPIL (son of an artist): "Please teacher, it means pose again."



Miss Hilliard and Miss McRobert were discussing the item that was being played by the band which happened to be Handel's "Largo."

Said one: "I think this is a piece of Chopin." "Oh, no," replied the other, "I'm sure I've heard it before but I'll go and look at the notice on the bandstand."

She did so, and on her return announced: "My dear, we were both wrong; it's the 'Refrain from Spitting'."

* * *

FOR SALE: Baker's business; good trade; large oven; present owner been in it for seven years; good reason for leaving.

A gentleman visiting some relatives in Scotland was persuaded to try a game of golf.

At his first stroke he aimed a terrific blow at the ball, scattering the turf to right and left, and looked around for the result.

"What have I hit?" he asked.

"Scotland, sir," gruffly answered the caddie.

* * *

MISS HILLIARD: "Spell Chimney."

DICK WHITE: "C-H-I-M-N-E-Y."

MISS HILLIARD: "Good! go up one."

DICK: "Please, Miss Hilliard, I've got my best suit on."

* * *

MR. CALVERT: "Define a microbe."

TRAVERS FOX: "The uniform worn by a radio-announcer."

* * *

NIGHT PROWLER (to Ralph Partridge at night): "Stick 'em up!"

RALPH PARTRIDGE: "Oh! Shoot! you ninnyhammer!"



A native of Ireland started away on his first trip. Never having been at a railway station, he did not know how to get his ticket, but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead. The lady went to the ticket window, and putting down her money said:

"Maryhill, single."

Next in line was the Irishman, who promptly planked down his money and said:

"Patrick Murphy, married."

* * *

The guide did not know his job very well, but he did his best.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he informed his party, "on your right you see a monument erected last year to a noble cause."

"And what does it stand for?" asked one of the tourists.

The guide hesitated.

"Why-er-er-because, madam," he said, "it would look so silly lying down."

* * *

The fat woman on the scales was eagerly watched by two small boys.

She dropped in her penny, but the machine was out of order and registered only seventy-five pounds.

"Heavens! Bill," gasped one of the youngsters in amazement, "she's hollow."

* * *

MR. URLIN: "So we finally find that x is equal to nought."

HUGH THOMPSON: "Gee! Fancy all that work for nothing."

* * *

TELEPHONE OPERATOR: "I have your party. Deposit five cents, please."

MR. FREEMAN: "What's that?"

TEL. OPERATOR: "Please deposit your money."

MR. FREEMAN: "Listen, what I want is a conversation with a friend, not financial advice from a stranger."

* * *

MR. CALVERT: "Ted, why do ducks and geese fly north in the springtime?"

OZZIE LITTLEFORD: "Because it's too far to walk."

NANCY SANTO: "What is a cowardly egg?"

JEAN MURRAY: "One that hits you and runs."

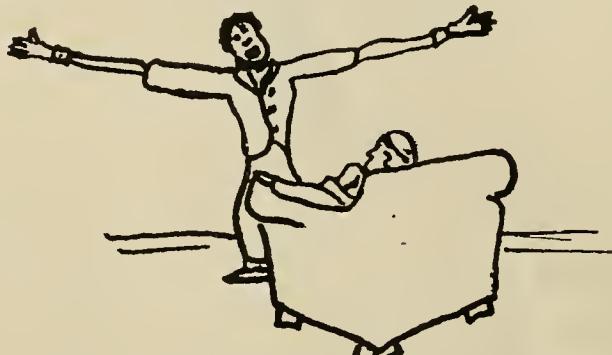
* * *

MR. WONNACOTT: "Have you read my new book yet?"

HERB CHILDS: "Yes."

MR. WONNACOTT: "What do you think of it?"

HERB: "Well, I think the covers are too far apart."



*The India Rubber Man tells
a fish story* D.O.

THE LOST FORD

*Seated one day at the engine,
I was weary, and tired, and bored,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over my old tin Ford.*

*I knew not what I was doing,
Or what I was turning then,
But I started the old thing going
And I never saw it again.*

*It rushed down the road at twilight,
And kicked up a clod of soil,
Which fell on my tumbled being,
Mixed with a can full of oil.*

*I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost Ford so fine,
Which came from the factory of Henry,
And fled from that garage of mine.*

—H. T.



James' reading lesson was about ships. He came to a word he could not pronounce.

"Barque," prompted the teacher crossly.

"Bow-wow!" said James obediently.



"You have three pairs of glasses, professor?"

"Yes, I use one to read with, one to see at distance, and the third to find the other two."

* * *

ERNIE GROH: "Why don't ladies give after dinner speeches?"

FRED HAYSON: "They can't wait that long."

* * *

JEAN HUTCHINSON: "I didn't sleep well last night. I had an awful tooth-ache."

VIVIAN WILKES: "Oh! You should try repeating to yourself fifty times—'Get behind me pain!'"

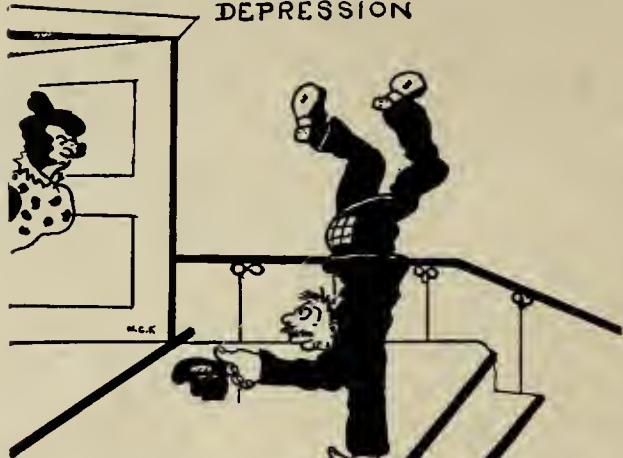
JEAN H.: "Not much! Do you think I want lumbago?"

* * *

SALES LADY: "Now here's a lovely sentiment—'Merry Christmas to the only girl I ever loved'."

FRED HAYSON: "That's fine, I'll take five or six of those."

DEPRESSION



"Kind lady, help a poor acrobat out of a job."

JEANE WATT: "This vanishing cream is a fake."

DRUGGIST: "Why?"

JEANE: "I've used it on my feet every night and they are just the same as they were."

* * *

JIM McHALE: "I passed your car last night and it sounded as though it had a miss in it."

BEV. SMITH: "Could you hear her squawk too?"

* * *

MR. IRELAND: "Tom, what's a blizzard?"

TOM BALLANTYNE: "The insides of a buzzard."



DEAREST JANE:

I could swim the mighty ocean for one glance from your dear eyes. I could walk through a wall of flames for a touch of your sweet hands. I could leap the widest stream for a word from your lovely lips.

As always,
AL.

P.S. "I'll be over Friday night if it doesn't rain."

* * *

MR. JENNINGS: "Who is the world's smartest man?"

HAROLD KESTER: "Edison. He invented the phonograph and the radio so people would stay up all night and burn his electric light bulbs."

MR. ARMSTRONG: "Scientists have just discovered something 500 times as sweet as sugar."

C. SADLER: "They have! Why I've known her for 10 years."

* * *

There was a young lady from Ride,
Of eating green apples she died.

Within the lamented
They quickly fermented,
And made cider inside 'er inside.

* * *

A Scotchman had an automobile. What worried the highlander more than anything else was the amount of gasoline his automobile used. One day he went to his little garage in the back yard, took the cap off the gas tank of his car and squinted inside—but it was too dark. He couldn't see a thing. Now the Scotchman was very anxious to know how much gasoline he had so he lighted a match to have a little look. Accidentally the match dropped into the tank.

"Well, wouldn't that twist yer whiskers!" hooted the Scotchman in dismay, as he peered after the lighted match. "She's empty again."



F.S.

Two Londoners, travelling to the north of Scotland, were discoursing on the scenery.

"Isn't this entrancing?" said one.

"It's superb," agreed the other.

"Ye're both wrang," said the old Scot in the corner, "it's Killecrankie."



MAN UPSTAIRS: "You are knocking at the wrong door."

INDIGNANT CALLER: "Nonshensh, you're shleeping in the wrong housh!"

* * *

VISITOR: "Have you ever been up the Nile?"

GORD. HOTHAN: "I have that, sir. What a view there was from the summit."

* * *

BILL: "Did you read about the man who swallowed his teaspoon?"

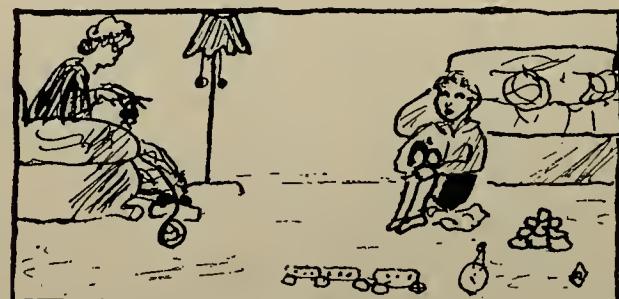
JIM: "No, what happened to him?"

BILL: "He can't stir."

* * *

LADY (driving into gasoline station in a Bantam Austin): "Will you please give me one pint of gasoline, one cup of water and two thimblesfull of oil?"

OPERATOR (at station): "Would you like me to whistle in your tires?"



Granny (to little boy playing): "Go and get my handkerchief dearie, please, it's upstairs."

Little Boy: "I'll go if you really want me to, granny, but I don't mind if you sniff."

This Auto Be Good

The congestion between periods in the halls of the edifice commonly called the L.S.C.I. has been a perplexing problem to the principal and a few—a very few—students of the aforesaid institution. Mr. Graham, after considering the problem, was struck by a bolt from the blue, a sudden thought (s-sh no! no—nothing serious). He immediately called in a committee of staff and students to delve further into the feasibility of his plan.

The committee found the plan practical and this is it: Each student will be provided with a DeLuxe, sports model, Baby Austin roadster, selective transmission, free running, super-heterodyne—or what have you! How's that? Oh yes, I auto tell you that the conveners of the committee are Mrs. Carr-Harris and Bus Wideman, who expect to get the plan in operation by April 1, 1932.

Now to go into details. The lower sections of the present lockers will be used as garages, so in this respect there is no extra expense.

Arriving in the morning, you go to your locker, put in your cap and get out your car and books. Now keep to the right and spiral down stairs. Steady now! There's Orian and Verna chatting at the bottom. Whoopee! they just cleared the tracks in time. Bumping down into the auditorium we see that the chairs have all been removed and we line up in rows as before. There is the last bell; the last car bumps over the steps and all eyes front. In come the sedate staff in cars like our own with the addition of sirens. We are now spared the tremendous physical exertion of standing and when any announcement is made we need not waste our energy by clapping our hands but merely lean our elbows on the horns. Now the auditorium is cleared in a very few seconds and we roar up the stairs to our classrooms. Another startling discovery greets us here—the desks have all been removed. So we merely turn down the windshield and use it for a desk top. Later on in the period our attention is drawn by the sounding of a siren to the fact that a lesson is being taught in the room—somebody up near the front

I think—yes—so it is. The phone rings—"Yes, yes, he is. All right," then "Baldwin, you're wanted in the office." Now Donald turns on a red light on the bow of his boat which gives him the right of way to the office. But Oh! the drawback! He arrives there so quickly that he can't think whether he was sick in bed or had to go to the dentist's yesterday afternoon. Classes are changed very quickly now, but for those who always must get a drink at the far end of the hall there is a new gag: "Please, sir, I ran out of gas."

Concerning the expenses—to the individual student there is none. The financial backing has been arranged by the sale of desks and seats and by subscriptions from big-hearted members of the staff. Come on now, Let's give them a nice hand—honk! honk! sez you!

There goes that fire-bell again—somebody on the third floor this time maybe. Honk! Honk! All lights red!

—C. SADLER, V A.



"Heh! Heh! You don't say! Well a fellow never knows what he'll run into next!" D.O.

A Song Letter

"You're driving me crazy" with "Three little words" but "I love you," and "When it's Springtime in the Rockies," "I'm yours," for "I miss a little miss who misses me."

"There ought to be a moonlight saving time," then you could give me "Something to remember you by," beneath "Carolina Moon," where "We would make a peach of a pair."

—ELLA WRIGHT.

"Who"

Striking pose, winning smile,
Makes the students' life worth while.
Stick around! She is never late;
You'll find her up in twenty-eight.

* * *

MR. FREEMAN: "Destiny shapes our ends."

MR. DINSMORE: "Yes, but good eating ends our shapes."

* * *

A little boy was sent to a clinic doctor with a note which read thus:

"Please will you do something to Ronnie's face? He's had it a long time and it's spreading."

* * *

Howlers!

1. A polygon is a man with several wives.
2. An epitaph is a short sarcastic poem.
3. Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are bent.
4. The Royal Mint is what the king puts on his pork.
5. In Christianity a man can only have one wife, this is called monotony.
6. A chain store is a place to get a marriage license.
7. A cyclone is nothing but a little breeze that's in a hurry.
8. In 1620 the pilgrims crossed the ocean, and this was known as "Pilgrim's Progress."
9. The feminine of bullock is cartridge.
10. The inhabitants of Moscow are called mosquitoes.
11. The equator is a menagerie line running round the earth.

* * *

JOAN: "What did she say when you stopped the car?"

JOHN: "Let's get going."



Mr. (to Palooka) — Listen, Punk! You wouldn't last three rounds in a swinging door! N.C.F.

School Days

School is a nice place and sometimes fun
If you can say your homework's done,
But—such a dizzy atmosphere
When you and the teacher aren't quite clear.

We are certainly laden with plenty of rules
Meant for the best as in other schools.
The trouble is—they work in more
When a show's the main interest after four.

Just when "Our gang" gets near the door
The last bell gives a terrific roar.
This means a conference after four,
And if we're together, it's just one more.

Who dropped the locker key, hopping the fence?
Too bad, dear child—it's the second offence,
And you skipped detention the other day
So look for a phone call—it's coming your way.

Just when a pupil gets working and still.
One recalls leaving books on the window-sill,
He'll see no rugby game tonight.
The news reached the office—what a fright!

Discouraging though as this may be
"Skool Daze" are the times for you and me,
Over little troubles you should not fret,
For they keep getting greater the older you get.

—Ruby Stephenson.

* * *

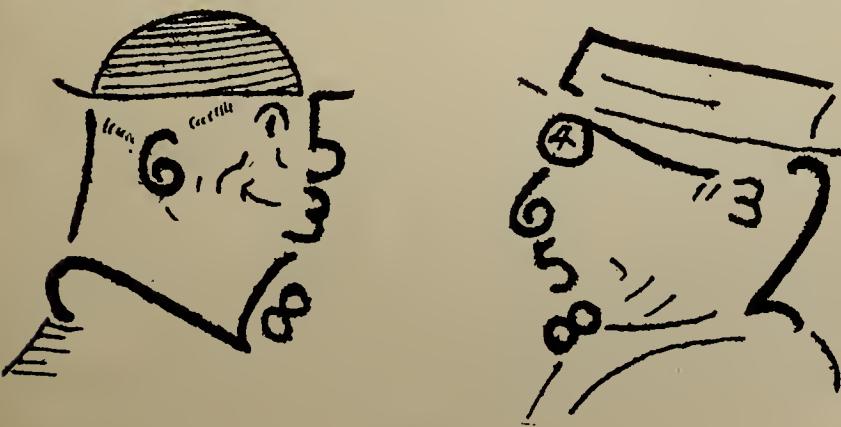
MR. CALVERT: "Where do all the bugs go in the winter?"

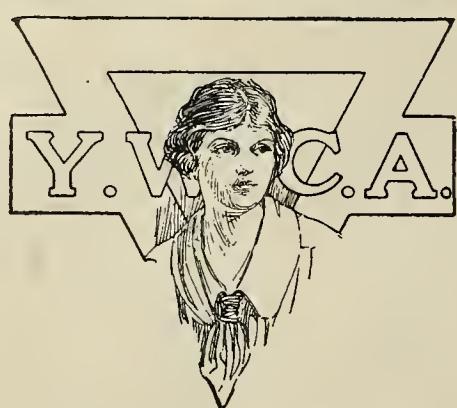
FRANK WHITE: "Search me."

MR. CALVERT: Oh, I don't want them. I just wanted to know."

It's no problem to
draw the faces when
you know the
figures

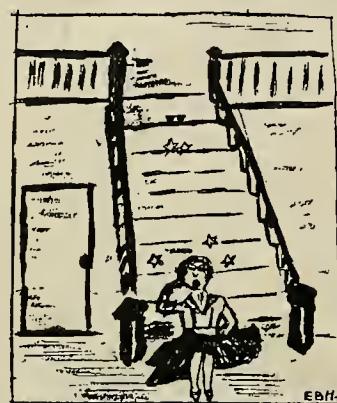
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There was a young lady called Kilmer,
Who's decided she never will sin more
By descending the stairs
With such haughty airs,
'Cause now she's not feeling so limber.



Freshman getting a rush from a
softomore. D.O.

WAG (to pork butcher): "Can you sell me a yard of pork?"

BUTCHER: "Certainly, sir." (To assistant): "Here, Bill, give this gentleman three pig's feet."

* * *

DOCTOR (to small invalid): "Now, young man, are you going to let me see you put your tongue out?"

LITTLE BOY: "Not likely! I've been walloped too often for that!"

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He masticated a hot dog before retiring

TEACHER: "What cow is noted for its milk?"

A. MORTON: "Magnesia."

TEACHER: "Yes, they sell her milk at all the drug stores."

* * *

A collector of scrap iron was noisily trundling his barrow along a very narrow road. Behind him George Ross impatiently sounded his horn in an endeavour to pass. The iron merchant looked around at the car, and then addressed the driver:

"All right, sir, don't be in such a hurry. I'll call for it tomorrow."



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3. Westervelt School is the only school in London affiliated with the Business Educators' Association of Canada. This Association sets and conducts all final examinations and grants graduation diplomas. B. E. A. standing is recognized throughout Canada.

4. Westervelt School, during the last three years the Western Ontario Typewriting Contest was held, won 15 out of the 18 championship events—a record of achievement. These contests were open to students of all commercial schools in Western Ontario.

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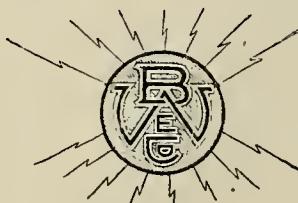
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